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WHY HE DID IT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NIX.

A printer from old Harrisburg lay dying at Ridgway—
How long he'd been in such a state I really couldn't say;
But he heard the music playing, and he leaned upon his side,
'Twas "Tassels on the Boots"—he groaned, and straight-way went and died.

The crowd had gathered round his grave, the sermon had been read,
They gazed upon the features of the calm and quiet dead;
The choir struck up a dismal tune, no merry rounde'av,
But that charming, sweet, seraphic hymn of "Walking Down Broadway."

A "metal" tombstone marks his grave, his eulogy is read:
'Twas "set" in "double pica," with orders: "Double lead!"
No more he'll "follow copy" or wield "shooting-stick" so gay,
With rude embrace Death "pied his case," and "swift" he passed away.

Harrisburg, Pa., Christmas, 1875.

STELLA NEWTON;
OR,
LOVE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

He who loves not children
Is possessed of half a heart,
And that not over soft.
Children are the flowers of humanity.

A lover of the ordinary type would have owned himself vanquished, and accepted the defeat which Miss Newton's refusal signified; but Sir Richard Wildfang was the opposite to a lover of the ordinary type, and mounted his horse with the calmest of calm hearts, and rode away with the most assured and contented smile. Quite placid and unmoved was his face, but within his heart there was a secret spring of malice and hatred, which only his marvelous power of repression kept from bubbling over.

At one time he had fallen almost in love with the proud, beautiful girl—almost only, for such men as Sir Richard are incapable of feeling true love in all its fullness and significance; he had admired her beauty, her grace, her fresh, unsullied nature, and he had congratulated himself mentally upon acquiring something more than the money—a sort of make-weight also, when he should make Stella Newton Lady Wildfang. But now the girl's scorn, the plainly expressed contempt for him, her display of her knowledge of his real character, maddened and galled him. The feeling which Sir Richard had dignified by the name of love was turned to unadulterated hate; and as he rode along he thought within himself, exculating brain:

"Wait till you are my wife, my proud, insolent lady, and I will teach you that it is unwise to show contempt to one who is able to resent and punish it."

With the same smile he rode the next morning through the park. Suddenly, however, his keen eyes discerned a slight, graceful figure, which was ascending the hill, and which revealed itself as Mr. Felton's.

Coming up with a lithe, easy swing, his hands thrust into the pockets of his pea-jacket, he looked up with a smile, frank, genial and friendly, and nodded. Sir Richard raised his hat and smiled also, with a very fair imitation of the other's frankness.

"Good-morning," he said. "Seasonable weather."

"Very," said Mr. Felton, stopping and eyeing the horse with artistic criticism; "your horse seems to enjoy it."

Sir Richard smiled.

"Yes; he has the best of it to-day. Are you bound for a long walk?"

"I am going to London," replied Louis frankly.

"Ah," said Sir Richard; "your lawsuit consumes a great deal of your time and attention, I dare say."

Louis Felton looked up at him with a smile of surprise.

"You know of it?" he said.

"Who does not?" replied Sir Richard. "It is a great case, and if you win you will be a rich man, Mr. Felton."

"And if I lose," said the other good-humoredly, "I shall scarcely be poorer than I am."

"You will still be master of Heavithorne," said Sir Richard with a courteous bow.

"A grand position," laughed Louis Felton. "I shall be myself, which is of more consequence."

"Exactly," said Sir Richard with charming readiness. "By the way, how does my old servant suit you?"

"Very well," replied the other. "He is a good servant, I think, though rough, as you warned me he would be."

"Yes," said Sir Richard. "An honest fellow, no doubt, but a perfect bear."

"Perfect bears are not always unbearable," remarked Louis with a laugh.

And Sir Richard, laughing also in the very pleasantest manner, exchanged adieux and rode off.

"Going to London," he muttered. "Poor idiot! He looks as happy as a child, and, like a child, thinks that all the world lies before him. My unsophisticated friend, there is a mine beneath your feet, and I hold the match which, applied to the train, shall be the means of blowing your airy expectations to the high heavens."

With a malignant smile he touched the horse with his spurs and galloped on. At the bottom of the hill another figure attracted his attention. It was that of Stephen Hargrave, plodding along with bent head and sullen gait. Sir Richard pulled his horse up into a walk, and when he got up beside the man said in a low, clear voice, and looking straight ahead of him:

"Don't turn, but listen. I have just parted from him. He is going up to London, and will be out of the way. Come up to the Box to-night, and I will let you in by the side entrance. You understand?"

"Aye," said the man gruffly, and Sir Richard trotted on again.

Louis Felton walked quickly along in the opposite direction. His smile was no hollow one; all the world seemed light and happy to him. Life as it appeared to him this morning was a delicious poem. The air seemed full of love, the birds warbled it in the act of talking to something he carried in his coat, did not observe the halt, and ran up against the younger man as the latter made an ineffective movement to get out of his way.

The collision was so violent and so unexpected that the dwarf staggered, his battered hat fell off his head, and the something nearly tumbled out of his coat.

However, by a sudden alarmed clutch with his long arm he prevented that mishap, and stood glaring up at Louis Felton with an angry countenance, as gnarled and lined as an old wood carving.

"I am so sorry!" said the young man, stooping and picking up the hat. "It was very clumsy and awkward of me."

The dwarf muttered something, and snatched the hat out of the young man's hand. As he did so, he revealed the something to be a beautiful little boy, whose curly head peeped out from beneath the thick fold of the old coat like a gem from an old jewel-case.

"What a beautiful child!" exclaimed Louis, his artistic eye attracted and chained. "Oh, I hope I have not hurt him!"

"No, no," said the old man impatiently. "Just put my hat on, will yer? We aint neither of us hurt, though we might a-been. We aint used to human lamp-posts stuck in the middle of the pavement. When you goes to strike a attitude again, young man, just do so on the kerb or in the middle of the road. Homes aint got no children to be banged about."

Louis put the hat on as gently as he could—too gently, indeed, for the old man gave it a ram with angry emphasis—and was about to pass on; but the child, who had been gazing up at him with a pair of exquisite blue eyes, chuckled and insisted upon stopping to get a better view.

"Old Father Sam, me want to see."

The old man, who was just trotting on, pulled up, and jealously pulled the coat a little farther open.

"There," he said in a very much softer voice, "there. Take a good look at him, and let's run on, my angel. He's an orkard, clumsy chap, aint he?"

"No, he isn't," said the child, thrusting out its tiny hand towards Louis and smiling up at him.

Louis stooped and touched the little hand with tender sympathy.

"Come," he said, "he's forgiven me, you see. What a beautiful child! He's a model!"

The dwarf covered up the little arm jealously, and, with a gruff "good-day," trotted off. Louis Felton looked after them with curious interest.

"A grandfather and grandson," he murmured. "How he treasures the little fellow! Who says there is no love amongst the poor?"

He turned to walk on, and saw a little crimson shoe lying upon the pavement. He picked it up and smiled.

"We are bound to make acquaintance," he said to himself. "Now, I hope the old fellow isn't out of sight, for one lost shoe is as good as a pair, and perhaps he can't well afford to get another. So here goes," and, with the shoe in his hand, he walked quickly in the direction which the dwarf and child had taken.

But the short legs of the old man were nimble, though they were crooked, and after going the length of the street without seeing the old man, Louis stopped perplexed, and at last asked a policeman if he had seen them.

"Dwarf carryin' a bundle? Lost anything, sir?"

"No," laughed the sculptor. "Found instead. Which way did they go?"

"Up Paradise alley, sir. It's Old Growls and his boy."

"A well-known character?" said the sculptor interruptingly.

"I should think so," smiled the policeman. "Old Sam and his boy are known all through St. Giles'. A reg'lar rum old chap, tough as a nutmeg-grater, but as fond o' the child as a hen is of her chickens. He's afraid to let the air blow upon it, and as to anybody touchin' it; why, it's more than their life's worth. No. 2 Paradise alley; first turning on your left."

Thanking the communicative constable, Louis retraced his steps once more, and entered Paradise alley, sought out No. 2, and knocked at the door. It was opened almost instantly, and the dwarf appeared with a face flushed with anger.

"What d'ye mean a-knockin' like a postman, and awaking children as if you was paid by the guvment a-purpose? What is it?"

"I am very sorry. I did not mean to knock loudly," said Louis good-humoredly. "I found this little shoe on the pavement near the spot where you were standing, and I brought it to you. It would have been a pity for the little fellow to lose such a pretty little boot."

"Oh," said the old man with a mollified air. "I'm much obliged—we're much obliged, I should say, seein' as the shoe is his; and I'll say as we should a-been sorry to lose it, seein' as how I made it o' purpose for him, and there's his favorites."

"You are quite welcome," said Louis, "and I hope I have not disturbed him?"

"No, not as I knows on—I don't hear him," said the old man, putting his head on one side like a jackdaw. "He's a beautiful boy, aint he?"

"The finest I ever saw," said Louis honestly. "I should beg another look at him if I dared."

The old man hesitated and eyed him keenly.

"Well, you've been kind," he said reluctantly. "You can come in and look at him if you like."

Louis waited for no warmer invitation, but, following his host's example, trod on tiptoe and entered the little parlor with the red curtains and the smoke-dried canary.

The dwarf noiselessly trotted round the room, and cautiously lifted the counterpane from a little cot, neatly constructed from an egg-box, and with a loving smile of admiration pointed to the occupant. Nestling in its little bed, the child formed a picture sufficently beautiful to delight an artist's eyes. The sculptor was simply enthralled.

"Exquisite!" he exclaimed. "What a head! Leonard De Vinci alone could do it justice!"

"I don't know who Lean Lardy Deaf'incy is," said the old man in a gruff whisper. "But whoever says there's a more beautiful child than my boy departs from the truth."

"He is your boy?" said Louis.

"Mine?" said old Growls sharply and with a suspicious glance at the young man's face, still bent towards the child. "Of course he is; whose else would he be?"

"I heard him call you father," mused Louis.

"Old Father Sam," corrected the old man. "You see, what name he was to call me did perplex me considerable. I've known'd boys as was afraid of their fathers, and I didn't want this 'ere precious to be that o' me, so I thought Father Sam 'ud sound more pleasant an' familiar like—more as if we was the best o' friends allus. Then, when I see my grizzled old mug in that 'ere glass, I says: 'Go along with you, you impident old vagabon', you're too old by a hundred years to be his father!' And yet I didn't like to drop it neither, cos, you see, it sounded so pretty comin' from his cherry lips, so I taught him to call me Old Father Sam, which, though it do sound like a comic song, is a pleasant, friendly sort o' name."

"And what is his name?" asked Louis.

"Snowdrop Christmas," said the old man.

Louis expressed his surprise.

"A pretty name, but a strange one. Was he christened so?"

"No; he warn't," said the man sharply. "But that aint neither here or there. He's my boy, aint he, and I've got the right to call him what I like, so as he don't object, aint I?"

"Certainly, certainly," agreed Louis promptly. "And I hope he will grow up to be as great a joy and happiness to you as the day itself is to the whole world."

"Amen," said the old man. "There aint no fear o' that. Angels don't grow up nothing else. He's a angel, aint he?"

"He is," said Louis. "I am almost inclined, made bold by your kindness, to proffer a request. I am a sculptor; will you let me take him——"

"None o' that!" exclaimed the old man, edging in between the cot and Louis, and pushing him back with an air of mingled anger and alarm. "What right have you to take him? Who are you? He's mine! I'm—his—his father!"

"Oh, you mistake me," said Louis eagerly. "I did not mean to deprive you of him, dear little fellow! I only want to take a sketch of him—to reproduce it in marble."

"Oh," said the old man. "What! drow his picter for a tombstone? Not if I knows it."

Louis could not suppress a smile.

"Not for a tombstone, but for a grand house—for a beautiful garden, perhaps, in the country. You would not mind seeing a portrait of him standing amidst beautiful flowers, and within sound of a tinkling fountain?"

"No," said the old man, his eyes glistening. "That's where it ought to be. If that's all, you can take a sketch of him and carve him out. I thought as you meant to make one of them cherubs of him as you see poking out o' tombstones, with nothing to set on, and blowin' penny trumpets. I shouldn't a-liked that."

Louis laughed, and took out his sketch-book.

"No; I'll give you a guarantee that he shall not figure on a tombstone. What a head it is! If marble were gold, it could not represent that delicate tint in his hair. A dear little fellow!"

Then saying, he drew a rapid, but sufficiently graphic one, to enable him to cut it in marble, and held it out for the old man's inspection. Old Father Sam was in ecstasies.

"Why, it's his very blessed self!" he exclaimed. "And this 'ere's a-going to be done in marble!" he added wistfully. "Where is it going to be stowed? I'd—I'd like to see it."

"So you shall," said Louis; and, tearing a leaf from his sketch-book, he wrote his name and the address of the Hut in Heavithorne. "There," he said, "come down in a week, and you shall see him. You know where it is—it is not far—and bring the little fellow with you. You won't forget?"

"No," said the old man, "if so be Christmas don't object—and, mind you, he has his likes and dislikes like a hemperor—why, we'll come."

Louis shook hands, and, after another glance at the child, left the room, placing on the table, as he passed round it on tiptoe, a five-pound note.

CHAPTER XVI.

Only a picture! only a stroke!
Of dead daggers on live heart's chords!
Only a remembrance of the past which makes
The present unendurable.

Sir Richard was not an idle man, even in his holiday moments. He had set apart a room in the Box for his study, library, counting-house, or whatever he liked to call it, and was at work there, writing and calculating with his usual smooth placidity, when Stephen Hargrave's signal gave him notice of the man's proximity. Sir Richard pushed his writing on one side, and softly opened a small door, which served as a means of communication with the small garden at the back.

"Are you there?" he asked.

"I," said a man's voice.

And the next moment Mr. Stephen Hargrave entered. Sir Richard quietly closed the door, and, pointing to a chair near the fire, resumed his own seat and his work, as if such a being as Stephen Hargrave never existed.

The man sat in grim silence, staring at the fire for a time, with a gloomy, absorbed air. At last he raised his head, and eyed the calm face of his master.

The glance was a curious one; its elements were made up of a rough sort of gratitude, a grim, ignorant kind of fear, and a slight suspicion of dislike. Sir Richard, raising his own eyes, met the glance, and, seemingly recalled to a sense of the man's presence, said:

"Well, he has not returned?"

"No," replied Stephen Hargrave, "not yet. He comes by the last train."

Sir Richard consulted his watch.

"Then there is no great time to waste. You are sure he has no suspicion?"

"I'm as sure as a man can be, master," was the grim reply.

"None saw you enter the garden?"

Stephen Hargrave shook his head.

"No one."

"That's well," said Sir Richard with quiet approval. "You cannot be too cautious, remember. Should we rouse his suspicions, we fail in the object I have in view. Remember that, and when I send for you take all precautions to reach me unobserved."

The man nodded.

"Has—has Miss Newton spoken with him since the time you told me of?"

"No," said his spy. "He went off by the train this morning, as you know. They have not met since yesterday, when——"

"Yes, yes; I know, you told me," interrupted Sir Richard with a frown. "Mind they do not meet without your knowing it; you must watch them as keenly as a weasel does a pair of rabbits. When or where they meet, you must be near enough to hear what they say. I must—understand me—I must know all their plans."

The man nodded.

"Have you brought the paper?" asked Sir Richard after a pause, during which Stephen Hargrave stared at the fire, with the same ominous look of dull gloom.

Sir Richard had to repeat the question again before it awakened any response, and then it was with a certain dreamy absence of mind that the spy unbuttoned his coat, took a sheet of paper from his pocket, and handed it to his principal. Sir Richard took it, and, spreading it out upon the table before him, examined it with leisurely scrutiny.

"Are you certain this is his handwriting?" he asked.

"I saw him write it; I cut it out of the book with my own hands. It is his writing, master."

"Good," said Sir Richard. "Now you had better go. Remember, you cannot be too cautious. If you pass me in the road, do not touch your hat, as you did a few days ago; it may rouse suspicion. Better, if you can do it naturally, say a few ill-natured things about me in the village. You can say what you like, so that you do not unwittingly tell the truth—you understand?"

"I'll say you are a hard master," said the man, raising his dark, morose eyes to his master's face.

Sir Richard smiled.

"Certainly; anything of that sort to throw dust in their eyes."

The man rose.

"Stay," said Sir Richard. "You will find a decanter of spirits and a glass on that bureau. Help yourself."

But the man shook his head, and put the offer aside, as it were, with a jerk of his rough hand.

"Good-night, master," he said.

"Good-night, my good Stephen," said Sir Richard.

And the man went silently into the night again. Sir Richard returned to his desk, and took up the sheet of paper.

"A strange fellow," he muttered. "But I can rely upon him. I know that expression so well—it was fear. When a man serves me from gratitude I am not sure of him—gratitude is so unnatural; but when he fears, then I feel safe. Now, let me see. A good hand and easy to imitate—none of your Dash! He will have something else to think of before I have done with him! Yes, the writing is easy to forge, and the name—let me try."

So saying, he pulled a sheet of paper from his stand, and carefully imitated the signature, "Louis Felton," which was coarsely scrawled at the bottom of the sheet before him.

"Easy enough after a little practice," he muttered, examining his handiwork critically. "I wonder there are not more forgeries even than there are; it is so easy—so easy!"

* * *

A bright fire was burning in the old dining-room of the Hut. A small and particularly plain supper was set out upon the table, and Stephen Hargrave stood looking down into the flames, waiting for his master. That he bore that master no hate might have been deduced by the care with which he had made ready for his appearance.

The fire was a welcome, the chair drawn close up to it was a welcome, and Stephen Hargrave's attitude, as he stood listening, was a welcome in its gloomy, abstracted way. Presently there was a ring at the bell, the door was opened by the lad who served as Stephen Hargrave's assistant, and Louis entered. Snow was on his coat, and his face was flushed with the exercise and the night-cold.

"Well, Stephen, my man!" he exclaimed cheerily, shading his eyes from the light of the lamp and fire. "Here I am, back at last! What a cheerful room! Why, man, you have all the neatness of a woman. What a glorious fire! Ah, put the coat to dry somewhere—'tis saturated with snow. A wild night, but a grand one."

And he sank into the comfortable chair, and rubbed his hands over the fire. Stephen left the room silently, and as speechlessly re-entered with a dish of steaming mutton-chops.

"Splendid!" exclaimed the hungry Louis as he drew his chair up to the table. "Cooked to perfection, too. Stephen, you are an artist."

Then with all a hungry man's zest he finished the chops, drank two cups of coffee, and subsided into the easy-chair again with a contented, happy look on his face, which seemed to set the fire laughing with sympathy.

"Well, and how have things gone? Anything happened?"

"No; what should?" replied Stephen Hargrave roughly.

"Nothing, while you are here to keep charge, my faithful bear," said Louis, laughing good-naturedly. "I can't think why your late master parted with you, Stephen. He must have cared more for veneer than good stout oak. But," he added more gently, and with a kindly anxiety in his frank, open eyes, "you look more glum than usual to-night, Stephen; what is the matter? My good fellow, would that I could persuade you that a sorrow shared is decreased one-half. Tell me what lies on your mind, Stephen; I'll help you to be rid of it, if I can."

He, even in his kind-hearted sympathy, laid his hand upon the man's sleeve as he bent to arrange the fire. Stephen Hargrave shrank from his touch and averted his face.

"Nothing ails me," he said, in his usual sullen way. "What should? Can't a man keep a silent tongue if he likes? You didn't engage me to chatter like a parrot, master."

"No; nor to play perpetual mute, Stephen," replied Louis gently. "But, there, I'll say no more if my questions pain you. I meant them kindly, my man, believe that; and to-night I feel so happy that a sad face jars upon me. Ah, Stephen, lad, if you'd seen what I have seen to-day you'd lose something of your misanthropy! I an old man and a child! That is all, and yet what a love! Angels might sing its praises and be guilty of no profanity. I saw them, Stephen, in a gloomy, miserable little room in a dirty, miserable alley; but the room was a heaven to the old man while his boy, his golden-haired darling, was within it. A deep, tender, true love, and yet somewhat strange. That reminds me. Stephen, fetch my coat, will you?"

Stephen Hargrave finished his work at the fireplace; then, without a word, left the room and brought the coat on his arm; in his hand he carried a tray, with some whiskey and hot water.

"Now, now," said Louis, as he saw the nature of his burden. "What did I tell you? I am not an old man, and don't require cosseting; and as for spirits, I've enough of my own. There, don't look so glum, man. I'll drink a glass of it to drive the gloom from your honest face. Mix me a glass—weak, mind."

Stephen, with slow movements, poured out the spirit and added the water. While he did so Louis rose with the coat, took the sketch from his pocket, and, carrying it to an easel, took up some crayons, and colored with a quick, practiced hand the hair, the eyes, and the cheek. The color gave expression and character to the face, and the young man, with a laugh of admiration, carried it to the table.

"There, Stephen, is not that a fine boy?" he said, holding it up for him to see.

Stephen Hargrave was on his way to the fire with the steaming kettle in his hand. Before he set it on the hob, he turned his head in obedience to his master's "There," and looked at the picture.

Suddenly the kettle fell with a dull crash to the ground, an explanation of anguish and astonishment sprang through the room, and Louis, turning his head, saw the man, Stephen Hargrave, standing, with outstretched arms and a pale face, staring at the picture as if it were a ghost, or the face of one long since dead.

"Stephen!" he exclaimed, dropping the sketch. "What ails you, man? Are you ill?—are you——"

"I've dropped the kettle and scalded myself," said Stephen Hargrave hoarsely. "Couldn't ye wait with your pictures and rubbish till I'd done?"

"I'm very sorry," said Louis, disregarding the impertinence of the speech. "My good man, you seem faint at the sight of it. Wait, one ring for Dyvid; he shall go for the doctor. Where did the water fall?"

"Nowhere," was the sullen reply; "nowhere to hurt. I don't want no doctor. I know what to do. Good-night."

"Stop!" said Louis. "You must——"

But Stephen Hargrave had taken up the kettle and left the room, his face turned from his young master, and the picture lying face upwards on the table.

CHAPTER XVII.

Lone is enough, though the world be warning,
And the woods have no voice but the voice of complaining.
Though the skies be too dark for dim eyes to discover
The gold cups and daisies fair blooming thereunder,
Though the hills be held shadows, and the sea a dark wonder.
MORRIS.

The next morning Louis rose early, and, with laudable industry, prepared his block of marble for the statue of the child. During breakfast, however, an idea struck him which rendered his hour's work useless. The child would be beautiful in itself, but he thought he could give it an extra interest, and add a little dramatic effect.

He would carve the child lying in a cradle. He drew a sketch, and threw it aside. He tried several others, and grew dissatisfied with them all in turn. At last a happy idea struck him. He would cut out two figures—the child and its mother! He drew the paper towards him, and sketched out the figure of a woman holding up the child at arm's length.

"Capital!" he exclaimed. "Now let me put a look of tenderness and supplication in the woman's face, and an expression of pitiful innocence in the child's, and I shall be able to make an effective group!"

So pleased was he with the idea that he left his breakfast half finished, and hastened, sketch in hand, to his studio. On his way he passed his grim servant, Stephen Hargrave.

"Well, Stephen," he said, "how is the scald?"

"All right, thank ye," said Stephen.

"That's all right," said Louis, "and I'm glad of it. You must be more careful. I can't spare my cook, valet and stud-groom all at the same time."

It was a kindly word he hurried on. With a warm enthusiasm he wheeled a block of marble on the dais, and there and then sent to work. He was full of his idea, and hotly eager to see it embodied. The minutes, the hours flew by, and in all probability he would have worked on until too tired to hold the chisel, had not an interruption presented itself in a most delightful form. Stephen Hargrave, with a knock which was half a push, opened the door.

"There's Miss Newton riding across the Park," he said roughly.

Louis dropped his chisel as if it had suddenly grown red-hot, and sprang into the hall. He caught up his cap, and hurried down the steps in time to see Stella pull up at the little wicket. Bare-headed, and with the light of love flashing in his eyes, he stood beside her, her hand lightly clasped in his, his face upturned to hers with a passionate welcome written on it.

"Do you wish to kill me with sudden joy?" he murmured. "My darling, my thoughts have been with you all the morning, but they did not dare to picture you near me."

Stella, whose face had flushed with a delicious blush, smiled down upon him with a sadness which he was quick to note.

"Ah!" he said, "something has happened! I can read your face already, more easily than I can read a book. You will dismount! Nay, you must!"

"No, no," said Stella; but, with an audacity which he himself wondered at afterwards, he stretched out his long, strong arms, and fairly lifted her from the saddle.

Stella flushed hotly.

"Forgive me!" he said, "I couldn't help it. The fear that you would ride away again was unendurable, so I hastened to extinguish it. You cannot go now!"

He bent over her as he spoke, his voice dropped to a low, musical, caressing whisper, his hand seemed to speak love as it held hers. Stella sighed with mingled happiness and anxiety.

"I can forgive you," she said, "but I shall never forgive myself. Yet I felt impelled to come. I—I have something to tell you."

He inclined his head and led her to the steps.

"No," she said hastily. "I will not go in. Let us walk here."

She turned away as she spoke, and, obedient to her slightest wish, he turned with her.

"Something has happened," he said. "But do not let it make you unhappy, darling! See, I ask you not to be unhappy, even before you tell me what has occurred. Your love has made me feel valiant. I am strong enough to protect you from all the cruelty and tyranny of the world, with your love to nerve me!"

Stella looked at his handsome face, with its slight flush of quiet enthusiasm, and burst into tears—quiet, silent ones, which are worse ten thousand times than the hysterical.

"My darling, my darling," he pleaded, drawing her to him and kissing her. "It unmans me to see you weep! You who should be all smiles and joy, if there is mirth for angels. Tell me—tell me, Stella, my Stella, what has happened!"

Stella dried her eyes and smiled.

"Am I not a weak, foolish girl?" she murmured gently, trying to disengage herself from his clasp. "But—but—I am so alone—no, I don't mean that!" she added hurriedly, as he looked at her reproachfully. "I mean so helpless against them all. Mr. Felton——"

Louis stopped her with a look of unutterable pain.

"Louis," she said, with a blush and an humble pressure of his hand, "Louis, it seems strange to call you so—and yet ——"

She paused.

"Go on, darling," he said.

"I always think and dream of you as Louis!"

He thanked her for that confession with a most eloquent look, and pressed his lips to her hand.

"I ought not to have come to you," she continued. "But I feel that you ought to know, that it would be unjust to conceal it from you—that—that—oh, why should I try to deceive you? Louis, I could not stop away, knowing all I know, and if you had not been in London yesterday I should have come yesterday—bold, forward girl that I am."

"And how did you know it?" he asked.

"I—I saw you go," faltered Stella. "I watched you. Don't—don't, please," for he kissed the tiny warm hand again that nestled in his like a happy bird. "I saw you go, and I determined to come today. So I am here at all risks! And they are not to be despised; for if they knew it they would kill me, perhaps. Lock me up safe and sound, for certain."

Then I should have to turn burglar," he said. "I could make my way through the bastile if my dreams upon his face which it had worn in Sir Richard's room at the Box.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Don't Kiss the Baby.

The promiscuous kissing of children is a pestilent practice. We use the word advisedly, and it is mild for the occasion. Murderous would be the proper word, did the kissers know the mischief they do. Yes, madam, murderous; and we are speaking to you. Do you remember calling on your dear friend Mrs. Brown, the other day, with a strip of flannel round your neck? and when little Flora came dancing into the room, didn't you pounce on her fascinating baby, call her a precious little pet, and kiss her? Then you proceeded to serenely describe the dreadful sore throat that kept you from prayer-meeting the night before. You had no design on the poor child's life, we know; nevertheless, you killed her! Killed her as surely as if you had fed her strychnine or arsenic. Your carelessness was fatal.

Two or three days after the little pet began to complain of a sore throat too. The symptoms grew rapidly alarming; and, when the doctor came, the single word diphtheria sufficed to explain them all. Today a little mound is the sole memento of your visit.

Of course, the mother does not suspect, and would not dare to suspect, you of any instrumentality in her bereavement. She charges it to a mysterious Providence. The doctor says nothing to disturb the illusion; that would be impolitic, if not cruel; for is he not outside of the house to say that the child's death was due directly to your stupidity. Those are precisely his words; and who shall say, under the circumstances, that they are not justifiable? Remember:

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart."

It would be hard to tell how much of the prevalent illness and mortality from diphtheria is due to such want of thought. As a rule, adults have the disease in so mild a form that they mistake it for a simple cold; and, as a cold is not contagious, they think nothing of exposing others to their breath, or to the greater danger of libial contact. Taking into consideration the well-established fact that diphtheria is usually, if not always, communicated by the direct implanting of the malignant vegetation which causes the disease, the fact that there can be no more certain means of bringing the contagion to its favorite soil than the act of kissing, and the further fact that the custom of kissing children on all occasions is all but universal, it is not surprising that, when the disease is once imported into a community, it is very likely to become epidemic

It would be absurd to charge the spread of diphtheria entirely to the practice of child-kissing. There are other modes of propagation, though it is hard to conceive of any more directly suited to the spread of the infection or more general in its operation. It stands to diphtheria in about the same relation that promiscuous hand-shaking formerly did to the itch.

It were better to avoid the practice. The children do not suffer if they go unkissed; and their friends ought, for their sake, to forego the luxury for a season. A single kiss has been known to infect a family; and the most careful may be in a condition to communicate the disease without knowing it. Beware, then, of playing Judas, and let the babies alone.

A CHARITABLE LADY'S TROUBLES.—The number and ingenuity of the begging letters—humble, admonitory, and threatening—sent to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is almost incredible. Persons in all parts of the world about to marry have humbly solicited a thousand pounds or so to start them in life with. Miss A.'s prospects are blighted for want of a glass eye; B. has a fortune within his grasp if he could only be provided with spectacles. The Rev. C. admonishes Miss Coutts, a trustee of the affluence gifted from above for the benefit of the humble and needy, she is bound—he being afflicted in the mouth, and unable to preach the Gospel effectually—to provide him with a set of false teeth. One broiling-hot Summer a correspondent begged that he might be introduced to the then youthful Prince of Wales. "I wish, madam, to have the honor of teaching his Royal Highness"—the thermometer ranging on that day between 85 deg. and 90 deg. in the shade—"to skate." From the beggar of five shillings, whose F. S. states that he awaits outside for an answer, up to a knot of Robert Owen-ites with a brand-new social system, who requested Miss Coutts to build a city for them in the Western wilds of America, there is no imaginable boon, however outrageous, which she has not been worried to grant. Then the unimaginable things she is asked to pursue! These range from the unproductive estates to white mice and other wild and tame domestic pets. Stopping in a country town at fair time, Miss Coutts was implored by a traveling showwoman, who could travel no longer, her horses having died of a prevailing infection, to buy her menagerie of wild beasts. Perhaps there was a white elephant among them.

FAMILIARITY with dangerous things engenders carelessness; hence numerous accidents. A while ago a lecture on explosives was to be given in a neighboring city, and illustrated by experiments. Just before the time for the lecture to begin, one of the committee of arrangements approached the lecturer, and expressed his regret that no package of materials had arrived, and suggested that something else be substituted for the proposed experiments. "It is all right," smilingly replied the lecturer; "I have the nitro-glycerine and all the other things with me, in my pockets." The committeeman retired to a safe distance from the platform.

IF?

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. MARY M. GUNNISON.

If, in future, we should meet,
If, in passing down the street,
I should chance your face to see,
Would you smile again on me?

And if such should be our meeting,
Would you clasp my hand in greeting?
Would you kiss me, *just once more*,
As you kissed in days of yore?

If the years could blotted be
From your girlish memory,
If the sin and needless pain
Could repented be again,

If my tears could wash the stain,
There would naught of 'em remain—
If my *love for you* was given,
I should know so much of Heaven.

Therefore, if love lives like this,
Out of pain comes so much bliss;
Therefore, if love still must be,
Let it live for you and me.

Life is short, and love is sweet,
Tread it not beneath your feet;
Darling, as life's moments flee,
Cherish still your love for me.

If inconstant friends should fly,
If the hopes of youth should die,
We at last shall find above
Love is Heaven, and Heaven is love.

THE ST. CHARLES AGAIN.

NEW YORK: 1876.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

"The year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-five," as they have it in legal parlance, will be long remembered by the circus profession. Whether it may be attributed to the transit of Venus or not, the managerial almanac, in many cases, made the season a short one, and the arrivals at the St. Charles were the earliest on record.

During the past Summer the "rubans" did not assemble, as has been their wont in seasons gone by, to applaud the gymnast and rider and laugh at the funny old clown. Even peanuts had but little charm for them, "ice-cold lamonade" sold slowly, and the demand for "choice candy" was small indeed—in fact, the rural visitant did not exhibit any great inclination even to "suck an orange."

Circassian girls looked their sweetest, fat people stuffed themselves like prize pork-kags, skeletons were on a Graham diet, giants stretched themselves to their greatest height (all to no purpose); orators contracted hoarseness and bronchial affections without being able to induce any considerable number to "walk in and view the wonders of nature." Clowns sang "popular songs," but song-books, to quote the language of the market reports, were "quiet." The eloquence of the butchers in behalf of the concert induced but few to remain to "the grand concert, which takes place under this pavilion immediately after the circus performance is concluded." Before the campaign was half over, a company must an enemy in its pathway, in the shape of those gentlemen of the law who, in its name, command: "Stand and deliver to your creditors!"

It is a curious physiological fact that observant guests of the St. Charles have noticed the physiognomy of the returning circus-folk what may be termed an elongation of the chin, resulting, it is said, from what may be called "being down in the mouth."

It is also remarked that last year's overcoats are much worn, with a tendency towards the linen duster. There is less parsimony in regard to the selection of dishes from the bill of fare, and the amount of checks averages less than any in previous Winters. As yet there is not a single instance of any member of the fraternity refusing to join in a repast when invited.

There is still many a long Winter day and night to come before the "procession moves." "The dark hour before the dawn" is very solacing in storybooks, but no relief for the circus-boys "dead broke" in Gotham's wilderness of brick and stone, and escaping Sir Richard by two minutes.

"No checks charged."

"All bills payable weekly."

"Guests without baggage are expected to pay in advance." O Landlord Dorval! what terror have those legends struck many a time to the empty stomach of him who has flown around the ring on the "wild horse," leaped from bar to bar of the trapeze, and jumped over horses in great number.

Despite the hoop-la, the "ballyhooing," the attempted elongation of the jaw," there still gather a jolly few, who laugh care away with jollity and story. Dick Fitzgerald dilates upon his adventures in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, when the war was "fast and furious" between Cameron and Howes & Cushing. Claude De Haven invited to explain what Howes & Cushing did not introduce, in the proposed feature of the procession, a lion and a lamb lying down together—which he did to the satisfaction of all by making known the fact that everyone wanted to play the lamb. This was supplemented by a suggestion that Claude could have acted the child to lead them.

"Do you recollect So-and-so?"

Every one recollected So-and-so.

"Did you hear how he got along writing this season?" asked a seeker after information.

A general laugh answered the inquiry, proving that So-and-so's literary abilities were held in light esteem in that coterie at least.

"He used to be on a paper in Blank City," put in a ten-horse leaper.

"Phoo!" exclaimed an incredulous equestrian. "What did he do on the paper?"

"He edited the wrappers for the mail," was the quick response from one of the party, who was listening to the conversation and gazing upon the beauties of a song-and-dance girl who was partaking of coffee and cakes at an adjacent table.

The appearance of Zebolo, the clerk, awakened many a reminiscence of the good times when Warner presided in the office upstairs, Colley was steward, and "Dan" and Joe Colvin took cash for checks in the restaurant. Those were flush times, when the boys carried their pockets full of greenbacks, their overcoat pockets, and the pop of the wine-cork told of universal prosperity.

"Talk about hotels," said a contracting agent. "I have had some funny experiences in arranging for the arrival of the company. Many and many a time have I been glad on the coming to some point, when in would come the landlord's wife and spoil the trade. You see, she hadn't been consulted, and wanted to show her authority. In many instances the landlady is the boss. I gave one a pretty good shot once. She was taking the matter out of the hands of her husband entirely. I walked right to her: 'Madam, if you'll go in and put on your pants, I'll make this contract with you. Otherwise, I'll transact the business with your husband.' She went out of that office in the same mood that a setting hen flys off her nest."

Some square landlords in the country," spoke up another agent in advance. "Many of them know but precious little how to keep a hotel or treat a guest. I saw an unmannerly fellow get a good shot once from a drummer, who, upon being treated discourteously, turned and remarked: 'I will call again when the landlord is in, for I was told that he was a gentleman.'"

"Did you ever hear?" asked a Joey of the circle.

"No!" exclaimed everyone in a stentorian chorus.

"The no's have it," retorted the clown good-naturedly, continuing: "I heard of a case in Arkansaw where a man killed a landlord for waking him in the morning with a gong—shot the whole top of his head off with a navy revolver. Took the fellow down to court to try him; was a smart chap, and pleaded his own case. Things went dead against him, and all the testimony for the State was in, when he got up in his place and asked as a favor that the gong be handed him. The Judge instructed the Sheriff to hand along the instrument of torture.

"'Your honor and gentlemen of the jury,' said the prisoner, 'you see before you the most infernal machine ever designed to rob innocent man of that refreshing slumber which alone can strengthen him for the burdens of the day. You see, this fellow could talk like a sideshow blower or a mock-auctioneer. 'I sought this man's house to sleep,' he went on, 'and while gently slumbering, dreaming of home, father, mother, wife, and child,' here he put in the pathetic business like a stage-actor, and the jury began to cry, 'this miscreant, this murderer, call him such—this fiend incarnate, bent on destruction to my piece of mind, with one fell blow shattered the enchanted fabric of my brain, thus and thus.' When he said that, he banged the gong with all his might. It was the first time that a gong had ever been heard in those parts, and at the first crash

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department: no answers by mail.

AMATEUR DRAMATIC.—1. An interesting story concisely told, interspersed with thrilling effects and striking situations. 2. We think he would. 3. That is a difficult question to answer. The best plan is to hire a theatre (not necessarily in this city—any small city in the neighborhood will answer quite as well), engage a company and produce it yourself. By such a course the author has nothing to throw away, and no one can interfere with him. It is next to impossible to get the manager of an established theatre to produce a new play by an unknown author, and there are good reasons for it. Theatrical management is a business. Why, therefore, should you expect a manager to risk the loss of a large sum of money—and possibly injure the reputation of his theatre—by producing untried plays, when he can secure plenty of them which are already stamped with success? The general rubber of business apply to a theatre as well as to a wholesale grocery or drygoods store. 4. You would be entirely justified. All dramatic authors are indebted to similar sources for their ideas or hints to suggest them.

EUREKA STIFF.—The starters in the California $20,000 four-mile-heat race of Nov. 15, 1875, were Thad Stevens, Joe Daniels, True Blue and Mamie Hall. The time was 7:45 (Joe Daniels), 8:08 (True Blue), and 7:57 and 8:29 by Thad Stevens. On the prior Oct. 18, Thad Stevens beat Joe Daniels (letter won first heat in 7:43½). 5. Rallet Bros., Joe Daniels (letter won third heat in 7:43½). Rallet Bros. Irene Harding, Target and Kate Gift, the winner's time (second and third heats) being 7:30 and 7:43. You are in error as to the heats being three in five. For the $25,000 purse, run for Nov. 14, 1874, Thad Stevens was the fourth, Katie Pease winning straight in 7:43¾, 7:36¾, the other starters being Henry, Hardwood, Joe Daniels, Hock Hocking, and Alpha.

STRONGARM, Empire Line.—1. A public answer to so personal a query would be obviously improper. 2. A folio should be the largest size sheet folded once. Sizes are growing, and we do not know that there is any standard. Other terms are used to designate the sizes of books, such as quarto, duodecimo, et. 3. Hoyle has been dead many years, and games are now played that he never heard of. 4. There is no book that is an absolute authority upon cards. 5. The son-dealers have no right to touch the cards except to shuffle and cut them. As they can do both of these things, the dealer can "deal himself a lone hand" only through their neglect.

KRIS, Buffalo.—"1. In playing cribbage, does once or twice round the board constitute a game? 2. Suppose, in the course of play, a sequence is made in the following order, 8, 6, 7, does the playing of another 8 entitle the opposite party to count 3 for the sequence also? 3. Suppose a sequence is made in the course of play by No. 1, and he fails to count, can No. 2 claim and peg the points?".....1. Once round, if single-handed, and the 5-card game. If of the six-card game, invariably twice round. It is customary on commencing the game to understand each other on this point. 2. Yes. 3. No.

AUSTRALIA, Indianapolis.—1. It means New South Wales. 2. No. It means South Australia. 3, 4. You would have to go to Melbourne, Victoria. From there take a steamer to either Sydney or Melbourne. The expense of the trip would depend upon the accommodations you require, the amount of extra luggage, etc. Cannot say how much. 5. About $25 there to this city. 6. The cost of living is about the same as it is here. 7. Fares from San Francisco, Cal., and your expenses in that city would all have to be paid in gold.

BLACKWELL'S.—There are several institutions on Randall's Island, the chief one being the House of Correction. It is bounded by the East and Harlem Rivers, the Sound and Hallet's Cove, west of Harlem. The boats that make have no option as to leaving. Access to them can be had on a permit from the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, by boat from foot of Twenty-seventh street, or by steamboat from about foot of 117th street.

W. G., Peterboro.—1. You cannot go alone, whether you are ordered up or assisted. 2. You can play alone against another long hand at euchre, and if you succeed in making 12 points it will count you four points. 3. Anyone you choose to accept. If your opponent declines to accept the same party, then manifestly that party is not good enough authority for him.

THREE ACES.—"I am playing cribbage, and play an ace, making the count 29; my opponent plays an ace also, making it 30; I call a go; he plays another ace, the count now being 31. How many holes is he entitled to under the rules of the game?".....Ten holes, viz., 2 for a pair, 6 for a pair-royal, and 2 for 31.

B. E. St., Washington.—It is customary, in the absence of the holder of a chance, for the proprietor of the house to delegate someone to throw for him. That having been done in this case, the latter could not throw for himself. To allow him to do so would be giving him two chances.

OLD READER, Baltimore.—Joseph C. Cloud, who attempted to walk to be tried, whereupon he might be found guilty or innocent. 2. Exnel is the proper term.

FRANK, Washington.—Not that we are aware of; but when Hyer was engaged in business in Washington and on which occasion he was on terms of intimacy with Secretary Seward and other members of the cabinet.

HARRY, Boston.—1. Get Ed. Price's treatise from Ed. Jamison, advertisement read. 2. We do not know of any process by which that end can be attained without injury.

PHILIP GERARD, Derby Line.—The only fight lost by Billy Edwards was that with Arthur Chambers, and that, he alleges, he was cheated out of a decision being given against him on a groundless claim of foul.

DARWIN, Boston.—"Darwin, the Analyst, after Hoyle" of Ed. James, who advertises. 2. It certainly is played there, if the authorities will tolerate it. 4, 5. If you have never played it, bet it alone.

L. D., Jacksonville, Florida.—It an excellent place for consumptives at this season of the year. It depends upon the nature and the degree of the disease. Consult a physician.

E. F. S.—We have no objection to say, that the last card cannot be turned up, except by unanimous agreement. 3. High deals, unless otherwise agreed upon.

S. S., Simsbury.—A bright polished horse can be taken abroad and presented for any other party as readily as by the American patentee.

A DRUMMER, Stirling.—1. It is the dealer's first bet after the deal. 2. The latter. 3. Three of a sort is worth a flush, nor even so good as a pair.

E. J. E., Philadelphia.—He could not command any salary, and would find it very difficult to get an opening to sing for a time for nothing.

MEDDICK, N. Y.—1. Mme. Henrietta Sontag, a distinguished operatic vocalist, died in Mexico, June 18, 1864. 2. Will be heard of in time.

W. GRAY, Brooklyn.—The Irish rifle-team, upon the occasion of their visit to this city in 1874, stopped at the Windsor Hotel, on Fifth avenue.

HOUGHTON.—Beaumont (alias Sergeant) beat Chas. Williamson Nov. 12, 1845, and June 4, 1850, and was beaten by him Oct. 7, 1845.

LOWELL.—Your mistreating could not deprive the player on your left of the privilege of begging, and therefore you were right in dealing again.

MOLLIE SAWN, Louisville.—It is a translation of a German play called "The Cricket," and that play is a dramatization of the novel you name.

H. E. S., Baltimore.—Goldsmith Maid trotted a mile against time in 2:14, and a second heat in 2:14¾, beating Judge Fullerton and the American Girl.

CENTENNIAL, Boston.—A 2 and C can call game, and they are out, unless there was an agreement that there should be no calling out.

H. AND L., Brooklyn.—True; the 2 points for the 15 had been omitted. The hands as originally submitted was correctly played.

JAS. AND FRANK.—1. Barry Sullivan was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1824, and E. L. Davenport in Boston, Mass. 2. Brutus, Cassius, Mark Antony, and Julius Cæsar.

OYSTER, Georgetown.—Address a letter to Ferdinand Eichert, N. Y. C. 104 Washington street, Hoboken, N. J., and Chas. J. Barker, H. Y. C., P. O. Box H. N. Y. City.

PALMER.—1. The Athletics were second to the Mutual and Eagle clubs in their steamers between Liverpool and Boston in 1846.

BANG, Louisville.—J. W. Collyer, who is now in this city, engaged in other business, having retired from the profession.

YOUNG STORY, Greenville.—1. Joshua Ward was born over 57 years ago; Hank, 45; G. C., 35; Ellis, 27. 2. Cannot give their present weights.

R. M. P., New Haven.—Aside from D. M. Stern's 24:45 for three miles, we have no reliable record for the distance you mention.

S. D., Portsmouth.—Wear a black wig and color the eyebrows and moustache with India ink, which will readily wash off.

EX ANGLIS, Adrian.—1. James H. McLaughlin of Detroit is the recognized champion wrestler of America. 2. Opinions differ on that subject.

T. A. A.—The gentleman is well preserved, and would scarcely thank us for publishing his age, which we can only guess at.

HORATIO.—Get an engagement with any company that you can, either traveling or stationary, to play general utility.

F. H. S., Washington.—Any arithmetic published here twenty years ago will enlighten you fully. New England had a decided surcease of rain.

T. A. H. AND A. A. D., Toledo.—We do not know who won the first prize in the late billiard tournament. We know who ought to have won it.

NEB S., Troy.—The parody is good, but the subject is not.

DECLINED.—"I Am a Bully Deitcher." "Yacob Strove Off." "The Corkeys."

G. E. D., New Bedford.—As we have no trace of it, it is probable that it "failed to connect."

P. S., Chicago.—We know nothing of him. Address a letter to him in care of this office.

J. W. GARDNER, Wilkesbarre.—James G. Bennett won his match with John Whipple in 1874.

D. MILLER, Johnstown.—Amherst. See CLIPPER ALMANAC, obtainable from newsdealers; price, 15 cents.

L. H. W., Cincinnati.—Harry Winn on his game, which counts before pedro.

A. B. G., Paris.—There is no draw about it. B loses, not having beaten 38. No answers by mail or telegraph.

L. G., Warford.—We find no such notice in any issue from March to August inclusive.

FIGURE.—A wing.

JOHN WILLIAMS, Patterson.—Yankee Sullivan's right name is said to have been Frank Lansbrough.

ACE, Lockport.—1. Wrong game, and A, standing at 19, was given 6, he was out. There was no need of playing. 2. Right.

FRANK DAVIS, Phila.—3 having made the trump, A could not play game.

M. D. F.—The circus is in Winter quarters, and Montgomery Queen resides in this city.

H. V. W., Norfolk.—1. Charlotte Crabtree. 2. Born in 1867. 3. Not married.

L. K. B., Newark.—An amusement advertisement of six lines would cost $9 for ten weeks.

MIN. D.—1. Frequently. 2. Very often. 3. Never. 4. A slight impediment.

A. K., Philadelphia.—The Hippodrome building is 426 feet long, 230 feet wide, and 28 feet high.

HOWARD W. R., Woodlawn.—The two aces and the three nines win.

W. S., Boston Highlands.—Probably *The Ledger* of this city; but we cannot say positively.

K. B. B., Fall River.—He could not, having made a pile of five, raise it to ten.

R. B. S., Chicago.—A is right. There is no such precedence. 2 points as 8 claims.

F. P. H.—Apply to John Bogan, as per advertisement in this issue.

J. D. W., Easton.—It is their exclusive property, and not for sale.

LONG-MAN DAN, Louisville.—1. It is his right name. 2. Idle in this city. 3. Yes; at Booth's Theatre.

E. B. M., Brattleboro.—We think it has not been republished here. Inquire of M. Gonlaud, music dealer, in your city.

RAILROADER TO CARNOCK.—Address a letter to him in care of this office.

W. of C., Cleveland.—We cannot. Address the American Literary Bureau, Cooper Institute, in this city.

FRED B. SIZELL, Colorado Springs.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1876, now ready.

H. A. MCK., Lowell.—Donnelly and Cooper fought 11 rounds, 22 minutes; Donnelly and Hall, 15 rounds.

S. H. P.—Not the professional manager Mr. Joyce of Cincinnati rejoices in an honest name.

C. H. N., Lexington.—The Athletics have a better record for 1875 than the Hartfords.

J. AND G., Morris.—Unless it has been agreed to play straight finishes, nothing will beat four aces

M. G., Hartford.—We have no recollection of such a notice having appeared.

W. C. R., Washington.—Scott & Co., 75 Nassau street, New York.

C. M. R., Des Moines.—You can get them of any optician, or of Peck & Snyder, 126 Nassau street, this city.

J. J.—Write to the Professor. Most Englishmen, and he is one, believe in that.

GREEN HORN, Baltimore.—You were virtually throwing for a dollar, and B is entitled to that amount.

FATHER Davenport.—There is no precedence as to points. "First call, first out." 2, 3. Yes; in both cases.

ARMY, Wyoming.—It was called Lucy Rushton's Theatre.

C. C. D., Dubuque.—Forty-five cents for each insertion.

JOHN MAGEE.—Sent letter as previously requested.

RUNNER, 8 or 1c.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC, just out.

J. P., Memphis.—We know of no such person.

H. E. W.—It would do better for a local paper.

F. M. D., Philadelphia.—The position is filled.

F. C. P.—By Rollin Howard, an American.

J. H. F., Boston.—Yes; if suitable.

W. F. D., Clinton.—Not married.

T. E. K.—We know of none.

L. M. PHILO.—You lose.

THE ALMANAC.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1876 is now ready; and by reading the table of contents, published in our advertising department, our readers will find that this edition contains a great deal of interesting matter in the way of stories and poems, besides the reliable and carefully-edited theatrical and sporting records, which are the special feature of this publication. As this is the Centennial year, we have also added a comprehensive chronological history of the United States. Our baseball friends will also find a history of their game and a record of the more important contests of last season. The astronomical data are furnished by a well-known specialist, and we feel assured that THE ALMANAC for 1876 contains just the information that our readers want in a book of its character. Copies are mailed from this office at the retail price, 15 cents; but dealers are requested to send their orders to their wholesale news-agents.

ERRATUM.—In "Mail Time and Estimated Distances to Prominent Cities," on page 26 of THE ALMANAC, a typographical error makes the time from New York to Washington, D. C., 19 hours. It should be 9 hours.

☞ JURORS OF THE PERIOD don't take much stock in libel-suits. When a man sues for one hundred thousand dollars damages, they give him one thousand; and to him who claims ten thousand dollars, they award three or four cents! According to this, it would appear that libel suits have "seen their best days."

ENLARGED.—*The Philadelphia Sunday Mercury* has just appeared in an enlarged form, making an addition of eight columns to its holding capacity. It is also clothed in a complete suit of new type, and gives other evidences of prosperity. We congratulate *The Mercury* on its success.

CHARLEY ROSS'S FATHER is getting smart. They tried by every means to allure him to Vermont—where they sought to "play off" Jimmy Blanchard as the lost child; but the trick failed, and the *Green Mountain* people feel very sore over it.

BARRIT'S SOAP must be very profitable to the manufacturer, when an employe can get away with one hundred thousand dollars per year, and the boss none the wiser. But *Babbit's hops* is now to get it all back.

IT SEEMS as if none but an enemy of Moulton would assert that he resembles a three-card-monte man. But he explains by saying that it's because he's *trying to beat yer!* [If not "trying you" too much, read it *trying to Beecher.*]

IT IS RECORDED that the dirtiest man in Montana has fallen heir to fifty thousand dollars! And now the Montana people take no pride in themselves, but wallow in the mud, and roll about the streets, in hope that *more* heirs are wanted.

WHENEVER the Centennial palls upon the taste of the good people of Philadelphia, they naturally turn to Charley Ross, and there find relief—these two subjects being sufficient to "fill the bill."

THE SCAFFOLDS at the Centennial buildings kill more people than all the prison scaffolds; owing, probably, to their not being properly *stayed.*

PARTIES who depend upon selling skates for a livelihood complain bitterly of hard times; one of the results of an *ice-so-late-ed* business.

IT GRIEVES us very much to state that *some* people are still keeping up New-Year's Day.

"OUR JIM" lately alluded to a convocation of medical men as a "*gang of keelers!*"

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ On Jan. 3: It was announced per Atlantic cable that the decree convoking the Spanish Cortes declares that the plan of the Ministry, based upon a conservative policy, rejecting impracticable theories and religious intolerance. It is believed that, agreeably to a telegram from the Grand Vizier that the Pope should use his influence with the Herzegovinian insurgents, Cardinal Franchi had been instructed to inquire into the state of affairs.....Boston spinning match at the Mystic Rink at Atherton, Lancashire, Eng., was destroyed by fire, causing a loss of $175,000; that the Catholics in Germany propose to establish a Catholic bishop in Berlin.....Bazaine's release from confinement Feb. 3; that Senor Castelar, the Spanish statesman, had issued a manifesto, declaring himself in favor of universal suffrage, free universities, and the separation of Church and State; that the Russians were preparing to occupy Marghelan and Undergan, and that the campaign about opening will probably result in the annexation of Khokand; that the new French press law having been promulgated, several journals which were forbidden to be sold there had again made their appearance in Paris; that, in a letter from M. Buffet to the Prefect of Police, the Minister says the Government deem it their duty to take up Marshal Canrobert as a candidate for the French Senate, because of his patriotism in defending any nomination which may appear to be hostile to President MacMahon; that troops had been sent to quell disturbances which had broken out among striking miners in Belgium; that Archduke Rudolphus, Crown Prince of Austria, will be crowned King of Hungary in July; that serious disagreements had occurred between the Khedive and the British Special Commissioner in Egypt; that the Spanish Cortes had voted that the Pope has given orders for all the ironclads to be in readiness to start for the Black Sea, and that Albanian ports; that there is no foundation for the statement that there had been trouble between the British Special Commissioner and the Khedive of Egypt, who were said to be on the best of terms; that the object of M. Outrey's mission to Egypt is to preserve the friendly relations between that country and France, which the negotiations regarding the abolition of the jurisdiction of the French Consular posts somewhat impaired; that Professor Spencer F. Baird of the Smithsonian Institute, U. S. Fishery Commissioner, obtained a splendid world of attention at the recent Exhibition of the Paris, France; that several Carlist officers and soldiers were shot at Estella for a conspiracy against Don Carlos; that the peace of Europe was followed by the Czar's account of a decision to that effect by a council of war; that *The Cologne Gazette* remarked that "the American attempt at intervention is singularly ill-timed, and, if even in Gortschakoff's mind not countenanced by Europe, is at least so in the interests of order, to see King Alfonso's audio ity more firmly established;" that the Prussian War Office have a machine similar to that used by Thomas Alva, which was offered to them by a man from New York in 1870 for the destruction of the French fleet; that 2 persons were killed by a colliery explosion at Falk-Eng.; that the Grecian Chamber of Deputies have resolved that all the members of the late Bulgari's ministry except one shall be tried for violation of the electoral law; and that Cardinal Lodochowski was expected to participate in the Vatican to receive the insurrection of Prince Hohenlohe.....Edward H. Andrew died in this city from the effects of an overdose of chloral.

☞ June 6: William Murray and Frederick Myers were charged with "Fitzhugh Paul," for the murder of Gotthardt Wahl.....The steamship City of Peking returned to San Francisco, Cal., having broken her bloom and lost 3 passengers out.....Oliver H. Moore of Cincinnati, O., who some days previously accidentally shot and killed a man, committed suicide.....Cable advices were to the effect that the Cuba insurrection is the fundamental principles of the Church, and can never be accorded; that, before the revictualing of Niesic and Dugs by the Turks, the insurgents were badly beaten, losing 650 killed and as many wounded, and that the insurgent commander, Paulovich, who is accused of treason, fled to Cettigne; that the Austrian note proposing Turkish reforms will not be published until all the powers agree to it; that sixty-two persons were killed and many wounded, and buildings and plantations destroyed by a land slide in the Isle Reunion Dec. 11; and that the British ship Andromeda, from San Francisco, Cal., had arrived at Liverpool, having been obliged to throw overboard 300 tons of cargo in a gale Dec. 12.....Philip[illegible] Stiner, a flax-merchant of this city, made an assignment, with the stated intention of resuming business; liabilities, $38,834.87, which the real assets exactly equal.....A colossal bronze statue of Henry Grattan was unveiled in front of the old Parliament House, in College Green, Dublin, Ireland.....Losses by fire: A number of buildings at Sidney, Iowa—loss, $30,000; Drenan's Hotel, South Hardwick, Vt.—loss $8,000, partially insured; G. W. Eyckman's residence, Midvale, N. J.—loss $6,000.

☞ Jan. 7: Milton McLean was hanged at Jackson, Tenn., for the murder of Pope, and the lives of Frank Scott, colored, who killed Ransom Phillips, and Bill Williams, also colored, convicted of the murder of Joe Fields, were closed in like manner.....Boston Barlow, the same State, respectively.....It was cabled that Charles Suthers, cotton-spinner, of Oldham, Lancashire, Eng., had failed, with liabilities of £100,000.....That the masters of British vessels have been warned against sailing within range of the Carlist batteries stationed on the Spanish coast east of Bilbao, and which open fire on everything like a merchantman; that the Grand Vizier positively rejects the idea of foreign mediation; that Italy accepts the Austrian reform note, and England has asked a week, expiring on the 10th, to consider it; that the manufacture of firearms, etc., in Serbia are very busy, and the Roumanian Government is contracting with foreign firms, with a view to facilitating its armament; that 2,000 insurgents were beaten and nearly annihilated in an attempt to surprise Mostar; that a medical certificate that Count Von Arnim is too ill to undergo imprisonment being deemed insufficient, he will be summoned to return to Prussia, and failing this, the courts will at once publish a general denunciation against him, and he will be tried in contumacy.....Oliver H. Moore of Cincinnati, O., who some days previously accidentally shot and killed a man, committed suicide.....Cable advices were to the effect that the Cuba insurrection is the fundamental principles of the Church, and can never be accorded; that, before the revictualing of Niesic and Dugs by the Turks, the insurgents were badly beaten, losing 650 killed and as many wounded, and that the insurgent commander, Paulovich, who is accused of treason, fled to Cettigne; that the Austrian note proposing Turkish reforms will not be published until all the powers agree to it; that sixty-two persons were killed and many wounded, and buildings and plantations destroyed by a land slide in the Isle Reunion Dec. 11; and that the British ship Andromeda, from San Francisco, Cal., had arrived at Liverpool, having been obliged to throw overboard 300 tons of cargo in a gale Dec. 12.....Philip[illegible] Stiner, a flax-merchant of this city, made an assignment, with the stated intention of resuming business; liabilities, $38,834.87, which the real assets exactly equal.....A colossal bronze statue of Henry Grattan was unveiled in front of the old Parliament House, in College Green, Dublin, Ireland.....Losses by fire: A number of buildings at Sidney, Iowa—loss, $30,000; Drenan's Hotel, South Hardwick, Vt.—loss $8,000, partially insured; G. W. Eyckman's residence, Midvale, N. J.—loss $6,000.

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DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AMBERLEY, Lord—Eldest son of Earl Russell—England, about Jan. 10, aged 33.

CHESTERFIELD, Lady—A conspicuous member of fashionable society in England. Died of an overdose of laudanum—London, recently.

CLAIBORNE, Guilford C.—A native of Louisiana. In 1856 he was consecrated Archbishop of Neapolis, in partibus, and since 1855 had been freight agent on the Pennsylvania Railroad—Philadelphia, Jan. 4, aged 64.

DIOTT, T. Wharton—A druggist in Philadelphia. He was the father of the late Dr. Thomas W. Dyott—that city, Jan. 1, aged 55.

DU SOLLE, John S.—Well-known journalist. He was born in Paris, France, in 1810. Some forty years ago, as a resident of Philadelphia, he published *The Spirit of the Times*, one of a half dozen papers that within the past forty years have been published in this country under that title. During the civil war of 1864 in Philadelphia he commanded a cavalry regiment, whence he derived his title of "Colonel." Leaving Philadelphia, he came to this city, was attached to the Museum, became the private secretary of Barnum, and from the box-office of the Museum wrote short sketches, and occasionally serials, for *The Sunday Atlas*, then published by Messrs. Brandon, Connerday and Colt. Prior to the Dr. Palmer trial he became literary editor of *The Sunday Times and Noah's Messenger*, and in that capacity, in which he remained for some months, he displayed much ability, and did much to develop talent, commending it liberally and paying liberally. Of late years, or until six months ago, when increasing illness incapacitated him, he had occupied a desk in the office of the Police Gazette, and the New York correspondent of *The Sunday Dispatch* of Philadelphia. A popular man wherever known, he will be much mourned by his late business associates—Jersey City Heights, N. J.—Jan. 7.

GRANDO, Harrison—Formerly a broker in Philadelphia, having an office on Walnut street, below Sixth. In April, 1875, he was adjudged a bankrupt, his liabilities being $884,000. Having been relieved from the operations of the bankrupt law, he opened an office at No. 819 Chestnut street, and became president of the "Security" Company, but his creditors again caused him to suspend business. He was a very heavy operator in real estate—Philadelphia, Jan. 4, aged 30.

HANOE, Joseph D.—Sheriff of Allen County, Ind. He was born in 1826, and had resided in Decatur, Ill., Lafayette, Ind., and Indianapolis, before removing to Fort Wayne. He was both a Mason and an Oddfellow—Fort Wayne, Jan. 6.

HART, Norman L.—Of the hardware firm of Norman L. Hart & Co., Philadelphia—that city, Jan. 6, aged 45.

JUBERNAL, M.—A French archæologist of note, who is best known for having restored the Bayeux tapestry—Paris, Dec. 23.

LANE, Hon. Charles—A leading Democrat in New Hampshire, and formerly a State Senator—Laconia, N. H., Jan. 7.

LEVERICH, C. P.—President of the Bank of New York since 1858—this city, Jan. 10, aged 68.

MORGAN, Lewis—Associate editor of *The Sunday Dawn, The Age,* and *The Evening Chronicle,* all Philadelphia papers—Philadelphia, Jan. 1.

MOULIN, Jules de—A noted Oriental scholar, and a member of the French Institute. He was born in Stuttgart in 1800, and was destined for the ministry of the Protestant Church—Paris, about Jan. 3, aged 75.

MOYER, Thomas—Second son of the late Baron Nathan Meyer de Rothschild. He was prominent as a banker, had served as High-sheriff, was a Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant for Bucks, and was Lord of the Manor of Aston Clifton—London, Eng., Jan. 4, aged 65.

RHOADS, Rev. Samuel G.—A well-known Philadelphia divine—that city, Jan. 4, aged about 65.

REISIG, Dr. Adolph—Physician of this city—here, Jan. 1, aged 76.

ST. GEORGES, Marquis de—Author of the libretros of several popular French operas, the best known of which were "Diamants de la Couronne" and the "Reine de Chypre"—Paris, Dec. 23.

THOMAS, Sarah K.—Daughter of Rev. Thos. J. Evans—Blairsville, N. Y., Jan. 2.

VAN KLECK, Dr. John R.—A member of the New York Academy of Medicine—this city, Jan. 2, aged 66.

WAYNE, Isaac, Jr.—For many years agent of the Union line of steamboats and railroad from Philadelphia to Baltimore—this city, Dec. 28, aged 84.

THE OLDEST FIRE COMPANY.—The claim made by the Hibernia Engine Company of Philadelphia (organized in 1732) to the distinction of being the oldest fire company in America is disputed in the appended communication "from a foreign shore:"

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 4, 1876.

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* In reply to your answer to "Annie Elmore, Wilmington," published in your issue of Jan. 8, 1876, please allow me to say that the Union Fire Company of the city of Trenton, N. J., was organized Feb. 8, 1747, has maintained an unbroken existence since that time, and the minutes of every meeting are now in the possession of the secretary complete. I also claim to be the oldest organized fire company in existence in the United States. Yours truly, W. P. WELLS.

A TESTIMONIAL HOP, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the relief of the mother of the late Bernard F. Finn, is to be held at Military Hall, 193 Bowery, Tuesday evening, Jan. 11.

HANDBALL.

THE CHAMPION vs. JAS. CASEY AND MARTIN EAGAN.

A Spirited Contest in Brooklyn.

One of the best contests of the season was that which took place at Phil. Casey's court, Jan. 6, the occasion being a trial of skill in a series of games, best three out of five, in which the champion undertook to play a lone hand against two such "bowers" as James Casey and Martin Eagan. The announcement of the contest attracted a crowd of spectators, the court being thronged to excess. The play began at 2 P. M., at which time the champion entered and took up his position, with his brother James and Martin Eagan in theirs. Lively work was the order of the first inning's play, each side scoring five; but in the second inning the pair saw Phil. 3, and called him, they taking the lead in the game at the close of the second inning by a score of 8 to 5; but the advantage thus obtained was not retained, as at the close of the tenth inning the marker called game in favor of Phil. Casey by the appended score:

FIRST GAME.

Players.	*Aces by Service.*	*Aces by Returns.*	*Totals.*
James Casey	7	4	11
Martin Eagan	8	5	6—17
Phil. Casey	6	15	21—21

INNINGS.

James, etc	5	3	0	0	4	3	0	0	0	0—17
Phil	5	0	2	3	0	1	7	1	1	1—21

The champion's returns in this game were especially fine, his brother excelling in effective service; but is returns made in the inner court Phillip was too much for his adversaries; besides which, he caught them time and again by his fatal long, low returns from the outer court, into which the ball went from his hands like a rifle-shot, just touching the court-wall about two or three inches from the floor.

In the second game Jim's service proved very troublesome to the champion, and Eagan also played with such effect that the pair distanced the champion, he being allowed to score in only three of the ten innings of the game, as the score below shows:

SECOND GAME.

Players.	*Aces by Service.*	*Aces by Returns.*	*Totals.*
Phil. Casey	4	4	8
Eagan	4	4	8
Jas. Casey	8	5	13—21

INNINGS.

Phil	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	—4
James, etc	0	1	0	2	7	1	3	2	5	—21

The third game was marked by a fine display by Jim, who scored 11 aces by service, and a total of 18 aces out of the 21, the pair securing double figures in the sixth inning. The score is as follows:

THIRD GAME.

Players.	*Aces by Service.*	*Aces by Returns.*	*Totals.*
Jas. Casey	11	7	18
Eagan	0	3	3—21
Phil. Casey	4	10	11—14

INNINGS.

James, etc	4	1	0	0	1	10	0	0	5	—21
Phil	0	0	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	—14

The best game of the series, however, was the fourth. In this encounter both Jim and Phil. stripped for hard work. It was win or die for Phil., as the pair had already scored two of the five games, and to win this one would give them the series by three straight games. The partners led off, but both retired without scoring, the score at the end of the second inning the champion scored 3, but the close of the fifth inning saw the figures at 5 to 3 against him; and when Phil. took his stand to serve the ball in the ninth inning, the call was 6 to 13 in favor of the partners. In this inning, however, Phil. rallied to the tune of 7 aces, and "up at 13" was the call at the close. In the tenth the pair scored 4, and were again shaved; but Phil saw them 4 more, and "up at 17" was the marker's call. The game was getting very exciting, and the crowd watched every movement with the closest attention. Perspiration poured from the champion, Jim keeping him pumping from the outer to the inner court in the liveliest manner possible. In the next three innings Phil. the opponents for his hands by some of the most skillful play ever seen in the court, and, scoring in the eleventh and twelfth innings, took the lead by 20 to 17. In the 13th inning both left the inner court without adding to their score, and the *fourteenth inning* was commenced, it being nip-and tuck, with the game in the most interesting position. In this inning Jim threw one wide, owing to the nervous state by Jim; but before they could get the winning ace Phil. put them both out, and then, scoring a single, won the game amidst loud applause. The score is as follows:

FOURTH GAME.

Players.	*Aces by Service.*	*Aces by Returns.*	*Totals.*
Jas. Casey	6	5	12
Eagan	8	5	8—20
Phil. Casey	7	14	21—21

INNINGS.

James, etc	0	0	2	3	0	4	4	0	0	0	0	0	3	—20
Phil	0	0	0	1	4	0	0	1	4	0	0	0	1	—21

The last game was now commenced, and Phil. led off with 2 to 1; but in the third inning the partners got in six aces; and, though Phil. rallied in the eighth inning with five, the pair finally came in victors by 21 to 19, and consequently winners of the series. The score is as follows:

FIFTH GAME.

Players.	*Aces by Service.*	*Aces by Returns.*	*Totals.*
Phil. Casey	9	10	19—19
Eagan	3	5	8
Jas. Casey	8	5	13—21

INNINGS.

Phil	2	0	2	4	0	1	1	5	3	1—19
James, etc	1	2	6	1	2	0	3	1	4	1—21

Referee, Mr. McEvoy. Time, 2h. 10m.

A summary of aces shows the appended figures:

	Aces by Service.		Aces by Returns.		
	Jas. Martin Phil	*Jas. Martin Phil*			
	Casey. Eagan. Casey.	*Casey. Eagan. Casey.*			*Totals.*
1st game	4	4	6	5	19
2d game	8	4	0	5	4	4	25
3d game	11	0	4	7	3	10	35
4th game	6	3	7	5	4	11	36
5th game	8	3	9	5	5	10	40
	40	11	26	27	22	53	179

Total aces—By Jas. Casey, 67; by Martin Eagan, 33—100. By Phil. Casey, 79.

BARNEY McQUADE vs. LANDY AND DORE.

The handball contest of the past week in this city was that which took place at McQuade's Court on Jan. 5, in which Barney McQuade undertook the task of "playing it alone" against the well-known experts Michael Landy and Robert Dore in a series of games best three out of five. The court was well filled, and the masterly display of the beauties of the game which marked the contest throughout elicited frequent outbursts of well-merited applause. The advantage possessed by the two players opposed to Barney was very marked, as it required the greatest activity on the part of the single player to be ready to return from either the inner or the outer court, and the impossibility of being on hand in time frequently gave easily-obtained points to the double side. For instance, Dore would serve a long ball, which Barney would return high, so as to engage Landy well in the outer court, and on the second return he would send the ball in lower, and then be ready for either a spring forward, to catch Dore's low return from the inner court, or to run back for a return which would oblige him to take the ball from its rebound, from the outer court end. Then he would have to jump forward, to be ready for a short return by Dore again, and frequently this was found to be impossible. Barney's strong point

COCKING.

WESTCHESTER vs. NEW YORK.

A main between Westchester County and New York was fought on the night of Friday, Jan. 7, at a private pit on the grounds of the representative of the former, a gentleman well known as a prominent fancier and extensive breeder of the "nigger" strain of game-fowl. It was the first of a series of three mains, each being for $1,000 a side and $100 a side on each individual fight, the choice of place or fighting being determined by tossing up a coin. The extensive barn in which the pit was arranged was brilliantly lighted up, and the accommodations for spectators (who were of an unusually select class, and present by special invitation) were admirable. The conditions of the main were to show seventeen cocks on each side, at weights ranging from 4lb to 5lb 4oz., and fight all that fell in at equal weights, for the amount specified above. The birds representing Westchester County were all of the Irish strains, while the New York fowls were of different breeds, the Jakeway pyles being numerously represented. The betting on the different fights averaged $25 to $20 in favor of Westchester, and $100 to $80 was current that they also won the main. After trimming and weighing, the fighting list was drawn up, and then commenced the

First Fight.—The heavy weights, 5lb 4oz. each; New York produced a blackred with white hackle, a clum-lly-tail bird, while Westchester pitted a blackred with dark hackle, a grand-looking bird. Neither seemed inclined to commence hostilities at first, but all at once the Westchester bird showed strong fight, and in seven minutes he had the New Yorker pounded and taken away. First blood for Westchester.

Second.—The light weights, 4 pounders; a browned for New York, and a blackred for Westchester. The browned showed such determined fight in the first buckle that $5 to $40 was laid on him. He very soon crippled the blackred in the leg, and apparently had the fight as good as won, when he suddenly quit fighting, and the game Westchester champion turned the tables, and won the fight out of the fire. Time, 11min.

Third.—Two 4lb. 8oz. birds; a blackred for Westchester and a pyle for New York, the former the favorite at $30 to $16. At first the blackred had the best of it, but the pyle, being dead game, returned to the charge time after time, and at last, by a brain blow, laid out his foe at his feet. Time, 8min.

Fourth.—New York pitted a 4lb 5oz. bluered against a Westchester blackred with black hackle, of the same weight. The latter was badly cut in the leg in the first buckle, but he fought gamely, notwithstanding his lameness, and at last sent his gaff through his opponent's head and gained the victory. Time, 9min. Score, three fights for Westchester and one for New York.

Fifth.—Two 4lb 5oz. fowls, a black for Westchester and a Jersey pyle for New York. Betting, $20 to $14 on the pyle, but the layers of odds were mistaken, for the black laid him out dead in 9min.

Sixth.—The betting was now $100 to $30 on Westchester winning the main. This time the latter pitted a nigger and the New Yorkers a gray, each scaling 4lb 8oz. Both were slashing fighters, quick, hard hitters and dead game. For ten minutes neither had the best of it, for it was fly for fly, cut for cut, all the time. At last superior condition told, and the gray fell dead with the steel through his brain.

Seventh.—New York sent in a 4lb 5oz. blackred, and Westchester one of the same color and weight, but a much stronger and better-built bird than his rival. The New Yorker was too leggy, and soon tired himself out, and Westchester scored the sixth victory in 10min.

Eighth.—Westchester pitted a blueback against a pyle for New York, each pulling down the scale at 4lb. 3oz. This was an exciting fight for a short time, and the New Yorker seemed to have the best of it, but in a last fling fly the blueback sent his steel through the pyle's head, and gained an unexpected victory. Time, 8min.

Ninth.—New Orleans produced another nigger, and New York a bluered; both the same weight, 4lb. 10oz. It was a short fight, the nigger blinding his antagonist and winning the fight and main in four minutes for Westchester County.

SUMMARY.

Bat. Westchester.	*N. Y.*	*Weight.*	*Won by.*
1..Blackred	Blackred	5lb 04oz.	Westchester
2..Black	Browned	4lb 09oz.	Westchester
3..Blackred	Pyle	4lb 08oz.	New York
4..Blackred	Bluered	4lb 05oz.	Westchester
5..Black	Pyle	4lb 04oz.	Westchester
6..Nigger	Gray	4lb 08oz.	Westchester
7..Blackred	Blackred	4lb 05oz.	Westchester
8..Blueback.	Pyle	4lb 03oz.	Westchester
9..Nigger	Bluered	4lb 10oz.	Westchester

LONG ISLAND VS. NEW YORK.—A main between representative fanciers of New York and Long Island was fought on Saturday night, Jan. 8, at a sporting rendezvous near Hunter's Point. The conditions were to show seventeen cocks on each side, at weights ranging from 4lb 4oz. to 5lb 11oz., and fight all that weighed in for $25 each battle, and $500 the odd fight deciding the main. Long Island was the favorite at $100 to $75. The first battle was between two 4lb 9oz. birds, and after a sharp contest of seven minutes the Long Island champion was victorious. In the second battle two blackreds were shown, and again Long Island won in a short contest of four minutes. The next three battles were won by the New York party, but the sixth was won by Long Island, which made the scores equal. The seventh was also won by Long Island, and the eighth by New York, and again did they stand even. The ninth battle was given to Long Island, the New York bird being withdrawn, defeated after thirteen minutes. The tenth and last battle was the best of the main, both birds being dead game and good fighters, it was won by Long Island in seventeen minutes, who thus secured the main and money by a score of 6 battles to New York's 10.

THE TURF.

ENGAGEMENTS OF THE AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.—We learn by cable telegraph that the engagements of the American horses in England for the coming racing campaign, up to the present time, are as follows: Preakness is entered in the International Handicap at Newmarket, and the Ascot Cup, two miles and a half. The statement that he is entered, along with the Derby winner Galopin, in the Alexandra Plate at Ascot, three miles, is not confirmed, the latter horse having been sent to Liverpool, and will not run again. His withdrawal from the turf has caused great disappointment, for the English journals complain strongly that they have now no horses to compete with the American horses in cup races. Mate is entered for the Newmarket Handicap, a mile and a quarter, and the City and Suburban Handicap at Epsom, same distance. Bay Eagle, now three years old, is entered for the Prince of Wales Stakes at Epsom and the Breeders' Foal Stakes at Newmarket; he is at present suffering from influenza. Bay Final, the four-year-old brother to Preakness, is in the City and Suburban and Great Metropolitan Handicaps at Epsom and the Alexandra Plate at Sanktown Park, run May 27. Egotist, two years old, is entered in the New Stakes at Ascot. Brown Prince has no engagements, being reserved for the meetings later on in the Autumn. We also learn that Mr. Sanford's light-weight jockey Feakes, who was so successful here last season, will not return to this country, but remain with the stable in England.

BOB WOOLEY.—This famous racehorse has been purchased from Messrs. Robinson, Morgan & Co. of Lexington, Ky., who bred him, by Mr. James C. Murphy of Urbana, O., a well-known Western turfman and owner of War Jig, for the sum of $2,500. He is by Leamington out of Item by Lexington, and consequently combines the two richest strains of thoroughbred blood in the country. He proved himself at three years old a first-class racehorse, winning the Reynolds Stakes, mile heats, at Louisville, last Fall, in 1:44 1:44½, and at Lexington, Ky., in the mile-and-eighth dash, placed 1:54, the fastest time at that distance on record, the 1:56 of Paddleaway and Piccolo having previously stood unequaled. Bob Wooley will undoubtedly distinguish himself during the coming campaign.

LOUISVILLE JOCKEY CLUB.—At a meeting of the stockholders of the Louisville Jockey Club, held on Jan. 3at the Galt House, the following officers for the coming season were elected: President, W. Lewis Clarke; first vice-president, D. Swigert; second do., J. W. Hunt Reynolds; secretary, W. Murphy; treasurer, J. B. Throckmorton. The executive committee is composed of Mr. Lewis Clark Jr., R. H. Johnson, H. Churchill, E. D. Standiford and James Bullock. The Spring meeting commences May 15, and six last days. The Kentucky Derby closed with 34 entries, Kentucky Oaks with 23, and Clark Stakes with 28.

THENEW SCALE OF RACING WEIGHTS.—The Monmouth Park Association announces that it will adopt the new weights fixed by the American Jockey Club in weight-for-age races, and in those for two year-olds, three-year-olds, and four-year-olds exclusively. The Saratoga Race association has also adopted the new scale of weights, and it is believed that the Maryland Jockey Club, at their next official meeting, will follow suit. The resolution of the American Jockey Club that in future no added money shall be given to any two-year-old race which is over a distance of three-quarters of a mile has not yet received the official sanction of the Monmouth Park Association.

THE ELECTION for officers of the Point Breeze Park Association of Philadelphia, Pa., was held Jan. 3, the following gentlemen being chosen: President, A. Lowden; secretary, Charles M. Town; directors, George W. Johnes, Thomas S. Harrison, Frank H. Ellis, George H. Colket, Henry K. Kelley, Robert McCay, Samuel W. Groome, John Duffy, Jacob S. Bunting, Samuel B. Thomas, Henry P. Smith, James McMenamy. It is in contemplation to hold trotting meetings in May, June, July, August, September and October, one each month, with premiums ranging from $6,000 to $16,000, and perhaps two running meetings.

DEATH OF BLACK BESS.—This well-known trotting mare, famous on Southern tracks before the war broke out, recently broke her leg at the stable of her owner, Mr. Reilly of Gloucester City, and was obliged to be killed. She formerly belonged to Mr. William McDonald of Baltimore, a former owner of Flora Temple. She was 27 years old, and the dam of fourteen colts, some of which have distinguished themselves as trotters.

THE TRIGGER.

BOGARDUS REPLIES TO PAINE.—Captain A. H. Bogardus, in reply to the recent challenge of Ira H. Paine to shoot him a match at 100 birds, double or single rises, 21 to 30yds. rise, English or American rules to govern, and each to find one-half the birds, for $500 a side, accepts the proposal, and agrees to shoot at 50 single and 50 double birds, according to the Prairie Club rules of Chicago; at 21yds. rise for single birds and 18yds. rise for double birds.

SHOOTING AT DEERFOOT PARK.—On Thursday, Jan. 6, four pigeon-shooting matches were decided. The first was between Messrs. Kadin and Duffy, at five birds each, which the former won, killing all his birds, while his opponent only scored four. In the second match between the same parties with Mr. Blake, Duffy and Kadin tied on three birds each. Kadin winning in shooting off. A fourth match for $150, between Messrs. Duffy an l White, was won by the latter

WM. E. SCRANTON of Columbus, Kansas, defeated J. H. Carlisle of West Liberty, Iowa, in a pigeon match, eight singles each, for $25 a side, 21yds. rise, 80yds. fall, at the former place, Jan. 4; score, 8 to 5. They are to shoot Jan. 18 for $100.

AT A MEETING of the Amateur Rifle Club, held on the evening of Jan. 7, it was resolved to build a club-house at Greedmoor, L. I., and Messrs. R. Johnston George Crouch. W. G. Coughlry, A. Alford and G. S. Schemmerhorn were appointed a committe to confer with a committee from the National Rifle Association to arrange for Centennial matches.

THE FIRST SHOOT of the newly-organized Sportsmen's Club came off at the fair grounds, Canton, O., on New-Year's Day. The prize was an elegant gold badge at the club championship, and it was contested for by ten members, each to shoot at ten birds from a pigeon trap, 21yds. rise and 80yds. boundary. The weather was very inauspicious, and the birds remarkably obstinate, and, besides, the contestants seemed "out of sorts," each one having done far better shooting on previous occasions. We append the score: Gu Purney, 9; A. Wieland, 8; A. Nunemaker, 8; Wm. Patton, 6; G. W. Dillon, retired; T. Thomas, ½; Geo. Smith, 8; A. Short, retired; L. Smith, 7; ½ Baxter, retired. The badge was awarded to Purney.

PEDESTRIANISM.

CHAMPION WALKER DEFEATED.

The match for £30, in which William Perkins, champion walker of England, conceded to "Joe" Stockwell, ex-champion, a start of 50 seconds in four miles, was decided at the Lillie Bridge Grounds, London, Dec. 20, in presence of some two thousand spectators. Stockwell may be said to have seen his best day, for he is now thirty-one years of age, while Perkins is only twenty-four, and therefore just in his prime. The weather was all in favor of Stockwell, as there was considerable wind, and the path was a trifle sticky, owing to the recent rains. Half past two was the time fixed for the start, and about that time a bit of astir was made by the bookmaking division to get on a few bets. "5 to 4 I'll take" broke forth from a score of voices for some thirty minutes, without a single wager being laid, for the public fought very shy. However, about a quarter of an hour before the men peeled a few bets were made for even money, and then the odds quickly veered round from 6 to 4 to 2 to 1 on Stockwell. At twenty minutes past three o'clock the latter, accompanied by his trainer Bob Rogers, emerged from the Pavilion, quickly followed by Perkins, who was attended by his old trainer, H. Boot, and five minutes afterwards Stockwell was sent upon his journey. He went away at a rare speed, covering about 280 yards in the alloted 50sec. Perkins, upon receiving the office to go, also made the pace very hot, gaining about eighty yards the first time round, and he crept up still further in the second, finishing the first mile about 140 yards behind. After this, however, he did not make such good progress, and at the finish of the second mile was still 100 yards to the bad, so that from the style in which Stockwell was going it looked considerable odds against Perkins. Indeed, in the tenth lap Stockwell actually gained about half a dozen yards. By repeated spurts, Perkins in the third mile at one time got within ninety yards; but he had all his work to maintain this position, and, when called upon for the final tussel in the last mile, it was evident that he had shot his bolt, and Stockwell ultimately won, hands down, by about eighty yards, Perkins pulling up on the homestretch. The following are the times for each half-mile:

	Stockwell.		*Perkins.*	
	Sec.	*Fifth.*	*Sec.*	*Fifth.*
Half-mile	7	21	7	7
Mile and a half	11	13	10	86
Two miles	15	11	14	51
Two miles and a half	19	10	18	48
Three miles	23	12	22	49
Three miles and a half	27	8	26	40
Four miles	31	2		

J. Vandy filled the post of starter and referee, which was a sinecure on this occasion, as both men walked with the utmost fairness throughout.

THE COLLEGE SPORTS.—Amherst, Cornell, Columbia, Harvard, Trinity, Union, Wesleyan, Williams, Princeton, Yale, Brown and Dartmouth were represented at the College Athletic Association, held at the Fifth-avenue Hotel, in this city, Jan. 5. A delegate was also present from the College of the City of New York, and, on motion, an application for admission was favorably acted upon. The Committee on Athletic Sports submitted their report, in which it was stated that a visit had been made to Saratoga, and the Citizens' Committee had promised to build a good quarter-mile track a short distance of the hotels, and the other ways of aid in their power to insure the success of the meeting. It also submitted a list of games for the meeting, as follows: For undergraduates—100, 440 and 880 yards, one and three mile runs, one and three mile walks, 120 yards hurdle race, running high and running long jumps, and throwing baseball. For graduates—one mile run and three-mile walk. The report was adopted, with the amendment that graduates walk one mile instead of three, and the addition to the undergraduates' games of a three-legged 200 yards run and putting the 16lb shot. It was also decided that the first prizes in each contest shall be of equal value, that the Committee on Sports shall prepare and have printed rules for the government of the games, and that the next meeting of the convention shall be held at the same place Dec. 4, 1876. D. M. Stern of the N. Y. A. C. was chosen referee.

THE ALL-AMERICAN 130-yard handicap, projected by Peter McKellar and James Ledger, and which is to be run at the Centennial Baseball Grounds, Philadelphia, Jan. 24, 25, is attracting considerable attention among our professional runners and those who frequent the cinder-path. Prizes of $150, $50, $30 and $20 are offered, and we hear that a number of the fleet-of-foot have signified their intention to "go for" the notes. Entries close Jan. 12. Any person entering under a false name will be disqualified. See advertisement.

THE RING.

BENEFIT FOR COLLYER.—For the third time in a period of ten years, that game bit of stuff Sam Collyer, whose determined battles with Billy Edwards, Barney Aaron, Billy Kelly, Johnny McGlade and Christopher Lambe made his name familiar wherever pugilistic art finds supporters, and stamp him as one of the most courageous fighters of his day, comes forward as a candidate for the financial suffrages of metropolitan admirers of flatic skill. Sam deserves well at their hands, and he should be greeted with a crowded auditory at Harry Hill's theatre on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 13, commencing at three o'clock. The names of all the A 1 boxers of the city and neighborhood appear on the bills, and the beneficiary assures us that his oft-ring opponent Edwards will on this occasion meet him with the gloves on for the first time since they went for each other in earnest at Cherry Point, in 'Old Virginny," more than seven years ago. In addition to the numerous interesting boxing displays which may be confidently calculated upon, the variety corps will appear, and the female minstrel scene be given.

PATSY SHEPPARD was gratified by having an opportunity to shake hands and exchange the compliments of the season with a goodly number of his old friends at his benefit, at Harry Hill's, on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 6. Those fond of scientific head-punching were likewise gratified, for the performers were all good, and several couples the equal in skill of any pair that faced the ropes in the days when Heenan and Sayers, Mace and Goss, Sullivan and Ryan, Allen and Lazarus, Hyer and Coburn, Morrissey and Brettle, Ned Price and Jack Looney, Tug Wilson and Tom Allen, Joe Coburn and Jem Mace, Tom King and Bill Davis, Jem Mace and Bill Davis, Tom Allen and Jem Mace, Jem Mace and Joe Goss, Joe Goss and Tom Allen, Joe Goss and Jem Mace, Joe Goss and Paddy Ryan, Joe Goss and Tug Wilson, Joe Goss and Joe Coburn, Joe Goss and Jack Ashworth, Joe Goss and Jack Dempsey, Joe Goss and Jack Looney

OUR OLD DOG JACK.

Old Jack! we scarce yet count him dead:
The unforgotten never dies!
Though mound of earth with primrose set,
'Neath hawthorn-tree shows where he lies.

A faithful friend for thirteen years,
Grateful for every kindness shown;
And were there any fault to find,
He ever held that fault his own.

No new friend came 'twixt us and him:
No fortune tried his fealty last:
Come weal or woe, whate'er might tide,
Old Jack was loyal to the last.

Had danger come, no thought of self;
No matter what the odds, a raid,
To guard his household friends from harm,
Upon a hundred he had made.

His gratitude, unswerving love,
His patience, trust, outstrip who can
His courteous ways to those he loved,
For Jack was quite a gentleman.

O Darwin! were thy theory true,
How great a race might walk the earth,
When dogs, to full perfection brought,
Had found Development's last birth—

Aye, whether pure, or mongrel cur,
Such qualities in them abound
Which in the prouder human race
Are, to our shame, oft lacking found.

Old Jack! I sometimes wondering muse
If that thy being can be o'er;
Or whether for the canine race
Some planet may not be in store,

Where dogs may have a little peace,
After rough life of kicks and blows,
Scant meals, hard words, and shelter poor;
Some compensation for their woes—

And where the vivisector's knife
May never meet their pleading eyes;
For Science, blest with finer sense,
The sufferings of dumb creatures heads.

And though some scoff, and bid me drive
As wild, profane, the theory hence,
I ask, Why so? Why should there be
A waste of such intelligence?

Look all around—no atom lost—
Say, where do wonders cease—or lead?
How shall we fathom out the end
Of boundless knowledge, science, head?

Aye, call it folly, if you will,
Such idle lines as these to pen;
But truer friend than poor old Jack
One finds not 'mongst our vaunted men—

Through love to him, the love I bore
To all his kind took deeper root,
And planting it in human breasts,
Shall be of old Jack's life the fruit—

Yes; long as I a pen can hold
'Gainst cruelty a line to trace,
Old Jack shall live in every line
The benefactor of his race.

J. G.

VIOLET MILDMAY;
OR,
IN THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A THRILLING ROMANCE OF LOVE, DECEIT AND CRIME.

CHAPTER VIII.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple show he harbors treason.
SHAKESPEARE.

With the last of his stern, passionate words echoing in the air, Leicester turned and strode away. He had spoken out; he had heaped scorn, reproach and the bitterness of disregarded love upon the girl for whom his heart thirsted; but his passion and madness was not assuaged. On the contrary, so tempestuous were the feelings which battled for predominance within his breast that, when he left the utterly astounded and crushed Violet, he was blinded and completely unconscious of his whereabouts. He wanted air, however; so he bent his steps, fast and furious, towards the cliff. Not at a very great distance from the spot where the lovers were going through their stormy interview and farewell, the captain was waiting for Job to explain to him the danger of which he had given due notice.

The plot was thickening for the captain, and he was impatient of delay. He had requested Job to meet him there by the chapel ruin at sunset, and half an hour had elapsed since the king of day had sunk beneath the western horizon, and the captain, in his impatient pacing to and fro, and listening. There was the sound of a man's footsteps. Another minute, and Job emerged cautiously from behind the laurels.

"Come," said the captain, glancing at the horizon, "you are late."

"Can't help it, cap'n," said Job with a shake of the head. "I've been hanging about here, waitin' for an opportunity for the last hour; somebody's been about, too close for me to get near you."

"Who?" asked the captain.

"Master Leicester," replied Job.

"I thought so," said the captain, beckoning Job to come closer to him under the shadow of the ruined arches. "I thought so, Job; it was to speak of him I wanted you here."

He then recounted his adventures of the preceding night after parting from Job and Willie, concluding emph tically:

"If Leicester Dodson has not already discovered the secret, he will do so before many hours are past, be sure."

Job looked as grave as the captain could desire.

"It's an orkard thing," he muttered. "Who'd a-thought as Master Leicester would a-taken the trouble to go looking about after anything? He's said to be a lazy chap, I'm told, and I'd sooner it 'ad a-been anyone else on the mortal globe."

"Ah," said the captain with a sneer. "Mr. Leicester Dodson seems to be a favorite with all you men."

"He is that," admitted Job; "but it aint on that account, captain. I'm a-grievin' 'cause it aint possible to come to no arrangements wi' Maester Leicester. You see, he is so firm and straightforward and bold, as one may say, that it ain't no manner o' use to try and get round him, d'ye see."

"You mean that Mr. Leicester would not wink at our little game, and join us in it?"

"Not he," said Job decisively. "If Maester Leicester thinks there be anything goin' on agen the laws like, and he finds it out, he'll make no terms wi' any on us. He be a kind young gen'leman, but he be what they calls just, is he."

"Ah," said the captain; "and so I presume, from what you say, that you will relinquish the smuggling, and turn honest in reference to this just Mr. Leicester?"

Job looked up, and shook his head grimly.

"I don't you think that," he said. "My body must interfere, whether it be Maester Leicester or anyone else. What I'm grieved at is that it should be him."

"But being him—what then?" asked the captain.

"Why, we'll have to ——"

Job paused.

"What's that?" he asked, as a quick, firm step was heard near them.

"It is he, Leicester Dodson," said the captain, as Leicester's stalwart figure moved past the lane. "He is always hanging about on the watch. Rest assured that very few nights will pass before he has unearthed the secret. Remember his own words to me."

Job looked seaward, and a determined light came into his eyes.

"He is going up the cliffs at a good pace," he said. "Perhaps he is going up to the coast-guard now."

"Not unlikely," said the captain.

Job nodded grimly.

"He must be got rid of."

The captain's heart beat fast.

"What," he said, "you think it would be easy to tip Mr. Leicester over these cliffs?"

Job's face paled a little.

"Easy!" he muttered; "but is there any occasion for such out-and-out work as that, cap'n? Look'ee here," and, drawing the captain closer, he whispered something in his ear.

Captain Howard Murpoint nodded.

"I see," he said musingly, his eyes fixed upon the figure of Leicester, which had dropped down upon the last grassy, wild patch before it turned seaward. "I see. It is a good idea, and easily carried out."

"Well, let it go at that, cap'n," said Job, as if he had been striking a bargain. "Let it go at that. We meet here to-night, say at twelve. You'll work that part of the game, and leave the rest to me."

"Agreed," assented the captain, consulting his watch. And after a few more words the conspirators parted; Job stealing away down towards the beach, the captain carelessly passing through the wilderness of the ruined chapel to the trim-kept lawns of the park.

As he entered the hall, the servant brought him a note. It was from the solicitor, Mr. Thurton, and indicated that the writer would be at the Park to-morrow.

"To-morrow," he muttered. "There is no time to lose."

With an air of careless serenity he entered the drawing-room, with the open letter in his hand. For the moment, seeing no one, he thought that the room was empty; but as he was about to leave it he caught a glimpse of a muslin dress in a corner, and, going nearer, found that it was Violet, and that Violet herself was lying crouched in the semi-darkness as if asleep.

"Strange," he muttered. "Why couldn't she lie on the sofa comfortably? Shall I rouse her?"

He shortened himself, and looked down at her, much as a surgeon might regard a subject he had been experimenting upon.

"She has not been looking well lately. What poor, miserable things women are at their best. Even this girl, whom I credited with some nerve and pluck, goes down like a lily before the first gust of that blast which they call love. I'll wake her."

He laid his hand upon her shoulder lightly, and called her. But the limp figure did not move, and, bending down, he saw that she was not asleep, but in a swoon.

"Phew!" he whistled, starting for the bell.

But he paused, with his hand upon it. Suppose he brought her to herself. In the moment of recovery she might say something that would enable him a hold upon her, or, at least, compel her to confide in him.

He acted upon the idea at once. Stepping back to the door, he closed it softly, and sprinkled some water from a carafe upon her forehead. It was some minutes before Violet's eyes opened, and when they did it was as if reluctant to return to the consciousness of her position. Her lips parted slightly, and murmured:

"Leicester! you will not leave me!"

"Soh," thought the captain; "there has been a scene, and my loving lass has given way. That accounted for the pace at which my Lord Leicester was striding up the cliffs." Then, aloud, he added:

"My dear Violet, the heat has been too much for you. Do you feel better now? Give me your hand," and with the greatest gentleness he raised her to a chair.

Violet struggled against the deadly confusion of mind and soul, and smiled faintly as she said wearily:

"Yes, it was the heat."

"Let me call Mrs. Mildmay," said the captain.

Violet rose with difficulty, and stopped him in his assumed eagerness.

"Captain Murpoint," she said, looking at him from the depths of her great, sad eyes, "do not call anyone." Then, with a tender tone and a closer scrutiny, she added: "How long have you been here in the room?"

"Some little time," said the captain; "but pray let me summon Mrs. Mildmay."

"No," said Violet. "'Some little time.' Tell me, truthfully, please, I implore you—have you heard me—have I said anything on any point that I would not have said had I been conscious?"

The captain saw the strength of his position, and, although every moment was precious, determined to speculate on it.

"Well," he said, "and if you have, no one pays any attention to the mutterings of unconscious-ness."

"That's not an answer," she said calmly and almost sternly. "I ask you to repeat them, whatever they were."

The captain hesitated, as if reluctant. At last he said, toying with the wet handkerchief:

"I gathered from what you let slip—a few words merely—that you had seen and been talking to Mr. Leicester Dodson."

Violet flushed for a moment, then turned deadly pale.

"Yes," she said; "and is that all?"

"My dear young lady," said the captain, "why distress yourself so needlessly? Can you deem me so base, so dishonorable, as to be capable of repeating anything I may have heard? No," and he laid his hand upon his breast and turned his face, with a hurt expression on it; "no, I am incapable of such meanness towards anyone, least of all to the daughter of my old friend John Mildmay."

Violet's eyes moistened, and the captain, taking advantage of her weakness, instantly added:

"But, my dear Violet—if you will permit me to call you so?—why distress yourself at all? Nothing is so bad but it can be mended. Lovers' quarrels are proverbially bitter, only to turn sweet."

"Lovers' quarrels," interrupted Violet bitterly. "Do you think it was only that? Oh," she continued eagerly, "if I could but believe that he did not mean or think all he said! If I could persuade myself that he did not scorn and despise me!"

"Tush! tush!" said the captain with a gentle smile. "Leicester scorn, despise you? My dear young lady, he loves the very ground upon which you tread! Despise?—he worships you!"

Violet's face flushed, and her whole being thrilled. Was it really so, or did the captain only deceive her to give her false comfort?

"Trust me, a word would bring him to your feet again," continued the wily captain, reading the trembling girl's soul as plainly as if it were a book. "One little word—say two. 'Come back' will bring him here on the wings of love and repentance."

Violet sank into a chair.

"Shall I be the bearer of those words?" he asked, leaning over the back of the chair. "Shall I bring him? Only give me permission, incline your head the slightest, and I will be off to carry the welcome message!"

Violet shook her head, and the tears dropped upon her clasped hands.

"No," she murmured bitterly, as love struggled with pride. "No; the words should not come from me. I will not send them."

"Set him the example of that sweet virtue forgiveness," interrupted the captain with the gravity of a fashionable preacher.

"It is too late," said Violet, hiding her face. "He has started for—Africa," here she broke down and sobbed aloud. "Gone—gone, thinking me all that he called me, heartless, vain, wicked—oh, so wicked!"

"Hush! hush!" said the captain, dreading that the girl's unusual excitement would end in a fit of hysterics, which would prove eminently inconvenient to him. "Hush! my dear girl; he has not gone. I saw him climbing the cliffs just now, looking as miserable as a starved jackal. There, let me go and fetch him back—you will thank me afterwards; but you will hate yourself, and me also, if you allow him to go. Africa is a fearful place!"

Violet looked up suddenly.

"I decide," she said; "I am a weak, foolish girl, but at least I would not have him go without hearing what I have to say. He—he may perhaps think less cruelly of me."

"I will go at once," said the captain with eagerness. "I will tell him that, and"—he looked at her dress—"can I not take something in the shape of credentials? Ah! give me that rose at your bosom—you wore it when he saw you?"

Violet nodded, and commenced to unfasten it.

"Ah, he will remember it without doubt," said the captain.

"Give him this," said Violet in a low voice, taking out a lily from her little bouquet. "It will mean no more than I would have it mean—peace."

"I will," said the captain, snatching up his hat; "and rely upon my haste."

He walked quickly out of the room, but a moment after returned, and, with the flower in his hand, said:

"You are tired and unwell, exhausted by the heat and excitement; why not go up to your own room and rest?"

Violet rose. In her present condition a less wily schemer could have moulded her to his will.

"That's right," said the captain approvingly. "Go and lie down quietly, and do not appear until I return."

Then, with an affectionate nod, full of refined sympathy, he departed on his mission of peacemaking. The lily he stuck into his button-hole, ready for use at the proper moment. As he left the house, the stable clock struck ten. Now, though he had started on his mission in such hot haste, he was, for sufficient reasons, in no great hurry to find Leicester and deliver the message of peace and good-will with which he was burdened. In fact, to be candid, the captain did not want to see Mr. Leicester for at least an hour and a half. He was also particularly anxious that the offended lovers should not meet in the meanwhile. Therefore he made a slight detour, and comfortably ensconced himself in the shrubbery, which commanded a view of the cliffs, the Cedars, the road therefrom, and a part of the beach. Leicester Dodson could not pass in sight or speech of him without the captain's knowledge. With an exercise of restraint and patience highly commendable, the schemer sat and smoked until the clock struck eleven. Then he rose and left his post of observation. It was almost dark, and the lights in the village twinkled in the valley like so many fire-flies. Very cautiously, after inspecting Violet's window, and satisfying himself by the light which burned in the window that Violet was still upstairs, he descended the hill, and, keeping close to the hedge, gained the village.

As it was positively necessary to the success of his plot that he should be seen by as few people as possible that night, he diverged from the high street and approached the "Blue Lion" by a back way. As he had walked quickly thus far, he knew that Leicester could not have left the Cedars for his nightly promenade on the cliffs, or he, the captain, would have seen him. The task before him, then, was to crouch behind the cluster of out-buildings behind the "Blue Lion" and wait for him. By the noise and confusion inside the "Blue Lion" he could tell that Leicester Dodson was spending his night or part of it in boisterous revelry, which would prove eminently inconvenient to him. "Hush! my dear girl; he has not gone. I saw him climbing the cliffs just now, looking as miserable as a starved jackal. There, let me go and fetch him back—you will thank me afterwards; but you will hate yourself, and me also, if you allow him to go. Africa is a fearful place!"

Even as he spoke, and raised his hand to wipe the perspiration which the excitement had raised upon his forehead, Martha's shrill voice could be heard:

"Out with you! you've had enough to-night, and more than enough. As for you, Jem Starling, you're a disgrace to the house, and I wish that master o' yours had hunted you out o' the village."

"He's no master o' mine," hiccupped Jem's voice, as the small crowd poured out. "He's a nasty, mean sneak, as used me when he wanted me, and then turned me off! But he can't give me the sack so easily! I'll be even with him. I knows—I knows ——"

"Come on, and hold your tongue," cried two or three voices, and the captain knew that there were several hands dragging the drunken man away.

And as the noise died, the villain determined to help the assassin, who was stealing up after his prey.

"I'll make it sure!" and he felt in his breast as he spoke. "Armed with this, Jem can't fail. Leicester Dodson will trouble me no more, and I can frighten his murderer out of the way!"

Getting the hat on his head, the plotter started at a quick but hushed step in pursuit of the two men—the tracked and the tracker. It was a strange scene. The lover striding on with stern, set pace and aching heart; the assassin at his heels, thirsting for his blood; and the arch-plotter, who had pulled all the wires which had moved the passions of both men, scoffing and swiftly following up behind, to make the murderer's task easy and effective. Panting and breathless, the captain at last descried the thick-set figure of Jem crouching on the path. With a stealthy caution the captian crept up to him and whispered his name.

With a guilty start and a smothered oath the ruffian turned.

"Hush!" said the captain. "I've followed you ——"

Before he could proceed, the idea of treachery and capture had taken hold of Jem's mind, and, with a livid face, he sprang upon his late master. In an instant they were locked in each other's arms, and struggling for dear life, afraid to speak for fear of alarming their joint victim, who stood or lay on the grass farther up the cliff, and out of sight. With a fearful intensity they rocked to and fro, struggling each to get the upper hand of the other. Every instant they drew nearer and nearer the edge of the frightful precipice. Below them the dark sea roared furiously as it beat against the jagged rocks. In a moment, one, perhaps both of them, would be lying torn and mangled and battered upon the rocks, with the salt sea washing over their dead bodies. Not a word was spoken, but both men knew what lay below them, and both knew that they were fighting to the death. Jem's arms, short, and strong as iron, pinned the long, lithe ones of the captain to his side.

A knife was in the captain's breast, unsheathed and ready for use, but he could not use it; he could only lock his arms round his adversary, and writhe and strain until the eyes were almost started from their sockets in the endeavor to force the sturdy convict to the ground. Nearer and nearer they approached the edge of the cliff. The captain's brain grew dizzy—he felt himself falling; but, by an effort gigantic and overwhelming, called up all his strength to play a feint. With a slight cry, he glared over Jem's shoulder, as if he saw someone or something. The feint took effect. For half an instant Jem relaxed his hold and turned his head. In that stroke of time the captain had freed one arm. Something bright flashed through the night, and buried itself in Jem's breast. With a muffled cry and a gasp, he threw up his arms, then fell like a log on the sward. Instantly the captain bent down, and, opening one thick, clammy hand, pressed into it the white, crushed lily which he wore in his button-hole. The dying man's hand closed on the flower, and his eyes opened with a glare of hate and distrust. Then, as the light died out of them, the captain dragged the body of his accomplice and tool to the edge and hurled it over. Then he leaned over and peered down, as if to watch the body as it fell, rose to his feet, and, with a long breath of relief, commenced to arrange his disordered attire. So short, though deadly, had been the struggle for the mastery that nothing, not a coat or collar, was torn, and, after passing his handkerchief over his brow, he was about to hurry on, when he remembered the knife, which in the excitement had slipped from his hand. He went on his hands and knees and searched carefully, but could not find it.

"It must have gone over with him," he muttered, and he decided, after a still more careful examination of the ground, that it had.

All further search for it was rendered impossible by the sound of footsteps. Looking up, he saw the stalwart figure of Leicester Dodson coming swiftly down towards him. Instantly he called out, and without anxiety:

"Is that you, Mr. Leicester?"

"It is," came back Leicester's deep, stern voice.

"I am so glad," replied the captain. "I have been looking for you everywhere!"

By this time Leicester had reached him, and stood with his hand in his breast, regarding him sternly and curiously.

"You have been looking for me?" he said.

"Yes," said the captain, "and for some time. I went up to the Cedars, but met an old man who told me that you had gone out. Int once concluded that you had gone on to the Park, and hurried back; but the servants assured me that you had not called, so I went on to the village. Well, to cut a long story short, I heard that you were not there, and actually ascended the hill again by the other road. Nothings are remembered to the present day, although the scenes of their industry or revelry have undergone material changes.

Go to any distant portion of our continent—to California, to South America, or, perchance, even to Japan—and three chances to one that the native-born Gothamite you there encounter has either emerged from the Old Second or is well posted in its local history. Talk to him of a bygone day, and he will immediately revert to some well-remembered topic of local fame, or to some person of undying notoriety, known to have occurred or existed within sound of the City Hall's old fire-bell. A merchant, he is certain to discourse upon the manifold virtues of Stephen Allen and of his companions of a truly goodly commercial age; a politician, he will descant upon the marvelous virtues of John Targee and his bucktails "swigging all the night long in Tammany Hall;" an epicurean, he must vaunt the merits of Sandy Welsh and of his incomparable Terrapin Lunch; or, if a man-about-town, he fails not to exhume antediluvian reminiscences of the Howard Days of the old prize-ring, and of the prowess of Ned Sprague, Frank Speight, and their contemporaries.

The Second Ward boasted of its established hostelry as headquarters, formerly for man and beast, but during the later days of its existence for sporting-men, mainly turfmen residing upon the borders of Long Island Sound, beyond the outskirts of Brooklyn's farthermost limits, or hale, hearty agriculturists, dwellers near Jamaica plains, a locality then renowned for the breeding of racehorses, and for the preservation of rare game-chickens in their original strains. "Jones' Second Ward Hotel" undeniably was a sonorous title, and pleasing to the hostelry bearing that appellation was located in narrow a thoroughfare as Nassau street, a few doors below Fulton, and comprised simply an ordinary brick three-story dwelling, the basement floor, level with the sidewalk, being devoted mainly to public purposes.

In fact, although virtually retaining its designation as a hotel, Mr. Jones' establishment was, in its expiring hours, not calculated to accommodate transient guests, save upon emergencies of rare occurrence, and chiefly in consequence of the arrival of some well-known circus company or menagerie, the masculines attached to which invariably insisted upon taking their pupils or pets to the nearest hostelry they had acquired a predilection for the locality on account of its being almost daily haunted by a human curiosity, whose wit, humor and eccentricities had endeared him to the show-folk throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The bar-tender of a hotel in the village of Jamaica, "Cale" Weeks, became a notoriety among visitors to the race-grounds of Long Island through possession of an unlimited store of practical jokes, generally of the coarser order, well adapted for appreciation and appropriation by a professional Mr. Merryman. His suburban hotel was the habitual sojourning-place for a number of retired naval officers, who there ate, drank, and were merry beneath Weeks' happy guidance, and at the expense of Uncle Sam's treasury, until the visitation of a circus-man with irresistible attractions would result in Cale's pilgrimage in search of habitual victims among the patrons of the "Second Ward."

To the first importation of giraffes into this country Mr. Weeks was indebted for a major part of his reputation as a voyager and traveler into the wilds of Africa. Thirty years ago the general mass of our population entertained very slim ideas as to the structure and habits of the cameleopard, as he was then designated by us, although a diminutive stuffed specimen of the animal occupied a place amid Barnum's zoological varieties. But before that period the indefatigable showman had manufactured a mermaid, said to be from the Feejee Islands, and exhibited it with commendable success until, in an evil hour, he was tempted to stock Minerva Hall in Broadway with an entire museum of nondescript marvels—fishes with birds' heads, snakes with lizards' tails, and a hundred similar unnatural combinations, whose construction was at once detected to have been the product of human ingenuity, although verified to be indigenous to Australian soil. Consequently, people were sagacious enough to believe the giraffe to be a creation of Barnum's genius, notwithstanding that a wonderful huntsman and Wesleyan missionary, the Rev. Mr. Steedman, had fully described the personnel and habits of this curious animal, which, by the way, is much more in close conformation than the gnu, a natural counterfeit of the heraldic unicorn, first made known to us by the same sporting clergyman, whose extensive zoological collection, quite equal to the subsequent one of Gordon Cummings, destroyed at the burning of Barnum's museum, was brought to this country and exhibited in the Bowery under the title of the "African Glen," until it likewise succumbed to a similar fate through presumptive incendiarism.

Conceiving that a real live giraffe—able, as one might say, to speak for himself—might not only demonstrate to sceptical Americans the reality of the animal, but prove a source of revenue to its owners, a couple of venturesome zoophilan-thropists organized a party to take ship from this port, and landing at Cape Town, to penetrate into the heart of Africa, and there lay violent hands upon stray giraffes, vagrant gnus, sable-colored lions, and Nature's wildest genus generally. A far more enthusiastic taste for study of natural history, as illustrated in quaint old diagrams, pervaded our community in those days than appears to develop itself at present, while owners of valuable beasts took immense pains to commemorate their gratitude to the animals putting money in their purses. For instance, for more than half a century the pretty portal of Somers, on the border of Westchester County, has been graced with a handsome country inn, in the midst of the extensive lawn before whose doors stands a tall granite obelisk, surmounted by the effigy of an elephant resplendent with burnished gilt. This plain but by no means inexpensive memorial chronicles the fact that, through exhibition of the first living elephant brought to this continent, a speculative son of the Knickerbockers was enabled to emerge from poverty to riches, to purchase broad acres in the county of his birth, and to erect the commodious caravansary wherein, amid jovial company, he beguiled the monotony of an easy life, never unmindful of his obligations to the noble animal whose existence he has commemorated in a quiet and praiseworthy manner.

The giraffe-hunters went forth to Africa, saw the objects of their pursuit and conquered, bringing back in triumph to our shores two live specimens of that apparently fabulous race of animals, which were duly exposed for public exhibition beneath a large canvas tent in a vacant lot upon Broadway, where the stately St. Nicholas Hotel now stands. Strange as may at this date appear, there were numerous lots upon Broadway above Canal, and one at this interesection of these arteries, occupied for's time as a menagerie, whose chief attraction was a huge black lion, the only one ever visiting America, and probably the largest in size in our time captured by mortal man. The giraffes for a season became a rage with sight-seekers until they sickened and died, while their captors could be justly regarded as the lions of the town, fairly hunted down by sporting men and writers desirous of gleaning information at to wild-sports in Africa. It chanced that Cale Weeks had accompanied the expeditionists upon their sea-voyage, and, with natiral garrulity he descanted freely upon the stupendous adventures attending the hunting of the giraffe, before which the terrors of lion-hunting or tiger-slaying faded into an insignificant shade. A half-score of energetic reporters dogged the great Nimrod's every step, and daily was the back room of the "Second Ward" thronged with anxious listeners, exulting to the press incidents causing the hair to stand upon the reader's head. For more than five seven days was the great giraffe-hunt the wonder of the town, when suddenly the excitement of the hour came to a premature end, and confidence in Cale Weeks as a vivacious sportsman vanished as it came to be known that the facetious expeditionist had never ventured beyond the confines of Cape Town, and his entire study of the wonderful beasts was limited to observation of their habits upon a homeward-bound voyage. Unfortunately, the veritable hunters were men of a practical turn of mind, venturing upon hardships for money-making purposes; otherwise their narrative, properly embellished, might have induced venturesome sportsmen, at that date hurrying to the Western prairies, to discard the native bison for a longer-necked article.

The eccentric Cale Weeks is credited with the conception of one of the most ingenious jokes ever played off on a distinguished showman constantly on the alert to procure marvels in the way of extraordinary natural curiosities. At that period of time competition among exhibitionists ran high, and human credulity was decidedly weak in fact, when the general mass of the people were inclined to place credence in any monstrosity supported by apparently scientific testimony. One day our indefatigable curiosity-hunter and enthusiastic caterer for popular entertainment was watched upon by a seemingly intelligent stranger, habited in the garb of a seafaring man, who craved the favor of a confidential interview with the distinguished showman. It being during the busiest hours of a busy day, and the applicant being disinclined to converse in presence of third parties, an interview was arranged to take place the following evening in the secluded parlor of a riverside hotel. Thither went the showman, and found his prior visitor surrounded by a group of undoubted sailors.

"What do you want with me?" inquired the curiosity-hunter.

The man placed his finger mysteriously to his lips, and, with numerous precautions, led the way to a remote sitting-room, carefully locking the door after him.

"I've the biggest thing out," observed the stranger.

"What is it?" inquired the showman.

"Just what I want to know," rejoined the sailor.

"What does it look like?" asked the exhibitionist.

"I tell you what it is," responded the other. "First it is a fish, and lives only in the water; then it undergoes a change, turns into a beast with four legs, and lives on land and water and feeds on flying animals."

"Wonderful!" ejaculated the showman enthusiastically. "Where did you get such a creature?"

"That's my secret," responded the man from the sea. "You see, I have just come from a voyage to Brazil, and have got one alive, and want to sell before going back."

"Let's see it," interposed the exhibitionist musingly.

"Can't be done," returned the sailor determinedly. "You see, some of my mates helped catch it, and we don't want it seen before we sell, and you've got the first chance to buy."

"First a fish?" said the showman in meditation.

"With a tail," interposed the seaman.

"Then a beast?" continued the speculator.

"Tail drops off, four legs sprout out," suggested the other.

"Lives on land and water?"

"All the days of his life."

"Lives long?"

"Somebody says a hundred years."

"Wonderful!" ejaculated the showman, pacing the room.

"It aint anything else," chimed in the vendor.

"The price?" inquired the curiosity-seeker carelessly.

"One thousand dollars," returned the sailor after calculation.

"Nonsense!"

"Not too much for this freak of nature."

A long discussion ensued, when it was arranged that, if two well-known named naturalists would endorse the seafaring man's remarkable statement, the wonderful fish should be the showman's upon payment of a cool one hundred.

A week elapsed, during which time the showman cogitated deeply upon acquiring possession of a creature gifted with such unnatural propensities, and presumed to be enabled to outlive the present generation, when again came the modern Sinbad, bearing the testimonials completely verifying his remarkable assertions, which were found to be satisfactorily authenticated. The delighted showman could scarcely sleep that night with the vision of a sure fortune staring him in the face. On the morrow the sailor presented himself, carrying in his hand a glass globe, enwrapt within a little handkerchief, which he carefully placed on a table.

"It's rather small," observed the astonished showman.

"Yes; but it will grow to a good size."

The hundred was paid over, and the covering removed.

"Why, it's a tadpole!" shouted the showman frantically.

"Nothing else," calmly responded the vendor. "It will do all I say, and a bargain's a bargain."

There was that night a very jolly crowd assembled at the Second Ward Hotel, and immense hilarity expressed at the immense price paid for an embryo frog; still, it is but honest to say that, after the deduction of the price of a couple of bottles of wine, the remainder of the money was duly remitted to the victim of a professional joke.

This hotel deserves commemoration as the veritable cradle of the American trotting turf, as, anterior to the habitual congregation of horsemen within its hospitable walls, rules and regulations governing matches were but imperfectly understood, or misconstruction. Here was located the betting exchange, with its settling-night, which rarely failed to produce some fresh matches upon conclusion of those of note. Although a thing of the past, as the sporting-houses of Woodruff, the Red House, and others of repute bordering scattered along the Third Avenue and Bloomingdale road as the more convenient rendezvous of trotting men, generally owners and drivers of their teams, the Second Ward Hotel continues to live in memory of those remembering from how small a commencement originated the national trotting turf.

A DECEMBER DAISY.

Lone daisy dying in the Winter wind,
Did I not touch you in the early year?
Then you were fair and sweet.
That graced the gay green where you now appear?
About dead leaves were hanging young blue-bells,
The brook was full of song, and oft
I heard the cuckoo call from distant dells
To small birds learning carols in the croft.

But now old men, that in the Summer day
Sat sunning on the ale-bench by the wall,
Are shut indoors to not dark hours away,
And listen in the blaze to tales of auld;
Down the short cottage-chimney. Summer's fire
That warmed the heart is out; her flowers are lost,
And crushed and trampled in the cold mire,
And burnt with coals or chilled to death with frost.

But you are left, though what were sighing trees
Are now black fiends, and shake down ghostly songs
That whirring winds bring from the Winter seas,
Where ships go down and mortals die in throngs.
Why are you here, when all your mates are gone
To that bright "londe of faery" whence they came?
Are you a failing and forgotten one
That may not have a place nor yet a name?

It may be so, for I remember well
You brought to mind a sweet and healthy child
When you were young; but now you seem to tell
Of some poor girl forgotten and defiled.
When with the Spring the swallows from the South
Your petals all were fresh from core to end,
And full of honey for the spoiler's mouth,
But in your need you cannot gain a friend.

And why should I stand in the misty rain,
And talk to you that cannot give reply?
Why should I, with a sicken'd soul, complain,
Because a fitful fancy will not die?
The next cart-wheel that meets you with a groan
May crush you to a grave beneath the rut;
Then why should I, who feel I must make a moan,
As though the senses of my eyes were shut?

It is because I may not lose the past,
And quite forget the sweet things that have been;
'Tis true, the Winter gloom has overcast
The land, but memory's branches that were green;
But I must still remember Summer lanes,
And think with thanks of birds that used to sing;
And you are dearer, brighter for your stains,
Amid the gloom of rain'rise and the Spring.

You cannot die, and you have not enough
Of fairness left to tempt a truant bee
To pluck you from the daddock in the clough,
And give your spirit to the Summer land:
Come, I will from your prison-house set free,
And for old days will bless you as I bow;
When there is nothing left on earth for me,
May I be taken as I take you now.

THE LOST BRIDE OF LA GUILLOTIERE

Raoul de St. Victor de la Guillotiere in the days of Louis XII built himself a castle on a rocky height in one of the southern provinces of France. He called to his counsels an eminent Italian named Lodovico Stresa, famous as engineering and in the skilful application of his art to his undertakings. Raoul was a morose and saturnine man, feared, but not loved; a brave knight, a trusty soldier, but cursed with a temper never known to gain a friend or forgive an enemy. Rumors, after a while, began to circulate amongst the peasants of the estate that, in the centre of the pile of towers, fronting keep, and buttressed and embattled walls, a chamber was being constructed whence those who should be introduced, the door being once closed, would never be able to find the outlet, but would, so these worthies averred, perish miserably in a forgotten solitude.

He this as it may, nothing was ever discovered of the interior arrangements of the gloomy castle; no object of the Count's enmity was ever known to disappear, and the story descended as a fireside legacy, handed from one gossip to another to frighten the children withal, by a vague and mysterious threat of giving them to the Count, to be put away so securely in his hiding-place that their own mother should never be able to find them again.

Raoul de St. Victor died, however, and was gathered to his fathers. The secret of the castle, if there was one, perished with him, or was hidden in the grave. The castle and its demesne lapsed to a distant kinsman, a new line of nobles arose, and still, not long before the outbreak of the first French revolution, the lord of La Guillotiere, a handsome, blithe, and charming youth, lived alone with his mother, a hospitable pair, in the old gray walls, and chiefly delighted to assemble around them the young and gay of all the country-side, to hold high revel, and to frolic through the formal gardens and the dark pine woods throughout the unwearied Summer days.

On one such day as this, amongst the guests, Albert de St. Victor might have been observed bending with greatest interest over the dark head of Athenais de Brelancourt, the single beautiful and beloved daughter of her mother, whose chateau adjourned La Guillotiere at no great distance. The youthful chatelaine's countenance, at once arch and dreamy, spoke of an enthusiastic and romantic soul; her lovely face, lit up with the ardent warmth and passion of the South, glanced like a ray of sunshine through the gloomy halls. Her lithe limbs and graceful and graceful movements enchanted the young man, and before many weeks had expired a brilliant company met again to celebrate the marriage of the youthful pair. The ceremony ended at the little church of the hamlet, the bride, a shade paler than her wont, and the bridegroom, flushed with unusual gayety, reentered the bannered hall where the wedding banquet was prepared. It was noticed that, during the feast, a portrait detached itself from the wall and fell with a sudden crash; the bride started and turned pale, nor was she reassured by observing that it was the founder's picture, ill-favored and saturnine, which had caused her the momentary alarm. As the feast went on, however, the untoward accident was forgotten, and the gayety and mirth increased as the generous wines began to circulate freely. The guests arose at length from the table, and wandered by twos and threes into the gardens amongst the clipped yew hedges and sun-dials, and stone flights of steps which adorned the stately pleasure-grounds of the olden time. The splendid attire of the wedding company lent to the dark background of the scene a special charm. Their silks and satins shimmered in the water of the formal basins and canals, and glittered brightly in the sunlight, as the lords and ladies strolled and saunt-ered, and grouped themselves in Watteau-like groups at the foot of some statue or antique vase, adorned with cactus and stiff-leaved aloes. But several hours must still elapse before supper; many games were discussed and proposed to while away the lagging flight of time. Hide-and-seek at length secured a majority, and in a few minutes the bride disappeared like her of the "Mistletoe Bough." At a signal given, the company dispersed in search of her with joyous cries of mirth and merriment.

The bridegroom, who had joined somewhat languidly in their amusement, as one after another came back unsuccessful from their search, threw himself with energy into the game. Accompanied by two of his friends, they re-entered the castle. They separated in the great hall, and agreed to meet there again at the expiration of half an hour. They flew into one room after another on the ground floor, looked behind the hangings of every window, lifted up each fold of the heavy tapestry which draped the walls, opened every buffet, every cabinet, every cupboard; they dived into the cellars, explored the buttery, the kitchen, the dairy, even the stabling and the rambling old coach-houses; at the half-hour's end each one reappeared unsuccessful and alone. Edmund and Aime, his two companions, noticed with secret apprehension the pallor that had replaced the bridegroom's ruddy hue, and the ill-repressed excitement of his manner. "No luck yet," he cried as they approached. "Now let us take the next story, and meet again as before in the corridor above the hall." They explored the sleeping-rooms; Albert even rushed into that of his mother and that prepared for his bride, and into all those occupied by the servants. His friends did the same, and in the ardor of their search opened every clothes-press, every chest, every wardrobe, moved every piece of furniture which could conceal a living form, and presently met again, fatigued and discouraged, to report each his lack of success. By degrees the rest of the company, wearied with their efforts, joined them one by one. Madame de St. Victor beheld them return with ill-concealed alarm. The mother of Athenais made no attempt to dissemble her agitation. The bridegroom in vain attempted to smile, and reassure them by suggesting they had scarcely yet been two hours at their pastime. Athenais might have fallen asleep in some alcove or shady spot, and forgotten the lapse of time. The company all redispersed for the third time, and cries were heard in the long galleries by way of signal that the game was over. The echoes seemed to multiply the sounds, and then to cause the silence to be more deeply felt. Presently they all returned to the great saloon, and indulged in speculations, which, as the day wore on, assumed a darker cast. The evening was falling of the long Summer's day, when Albert returned from another and closer examination of every corner of the house. The servants were now dispatched in every direction with torches and flambeaux through all the woods and gardens. She might, it was thought, have wandered beyond the precincts, or perhaps got lost in the forest stretching far beyond the domain. The half-dried-up moat was jealously examined. Night was close on them, and every effort proved fruitless. The joyous mirth of the morning had vanished. Who could suggest any word of comfort to the bridegroom on his very nuptial night? Who could frame any words of consolation to the mother of the bride?—who, as if half stupefied, sat silently wringing her hands and vainly trying to bring words to her parched lips, which refused to articulate.

It was getting late, and the wedding guests, overpowered by fatigue, dropped off to bed. But Albert, restless, passionate, despairing, continued his anxious movements without a moment's rest. Moment by moment he started up to explore some suddenly-remembered spot, some half-forgotten corner—to lift up, for the hundredth time, the heavy arras of the banqueting-room, and to utter cries of anguished longing as he passed up and down the passages like a spectral apparition. The night was wearing on: servants returned at intervals without tidings. The blank, cold dawn stole in on pale faces unrefreshed by sleep and sharpened by anxiety.

NOVELTIES ON THE EUROPEAN STAGE

"TOTTLE'S"

is the name of a new comic drama which has added another to the many dramatic successes of H. J. Byron. It was written for J. L. Toole, and was first introduced to the London, Eng., public at the Gaiety Theatre Dec. 22. *The Era* says of it: "The drama takes its name from a certain Sam Tottle, described in the bills as late of Tottle's Refreshment-rooms, Strand: Tottle's Eating-house, Bucklersbury; and Tottle's *a-la-mode* Beef Shop, Borough road. Not that we are introduced to Tottle's as indicated by these respective titles. By no means. Tottle is far above all that. He has made his money, has retired from business, and when we make his acquaintance he is staying at a fashionable hotel 'at the Spa,' is assuming the airs and graces of a fine gentleman, and is aspiring to the hand of the haughty Julia Lilfold, who has an admirer in a certain *roue* named Captain Raffler, a companion of her brother, the latter only favoring the suit of the retired tradesman on account of his money. Tottle's son Horace does a little courting on his own account, the object of his affection being Mary Brown, and decidedly the best portion of the opening act is that in which the father and son 'beat about the bush' in their endeavors to reveal the secret of their respective matrimonial intentions, a mutual misunderstanding causing infinite amusement. But the secrets are out at last, and Horace, who has desired to see his father married to the despised Kate Trenchard, the poor cousin who has been his playmate in childhood, and who has ever entertained for him an affectionate regard, finds his hopes frustrated and his father presently married to a haughty beauty, who accepts him for his wealth alone. Poor Tottle very quickly discovers what a mistake he has made. His wife and his wife's relations, while accepting his hospitality, sitting at his table, and helping themselves, as it were, from his purse, sneer at his low breeding and laugh at his want of education. Worse than this, his wife encourages the visits of her former admirer, Captain Raffler, and, taking advantage of an interview between Tottle and his cousin, makes this the pretext for leaving the house; poor Tottle's misery being completed by the announcement that the scheme in which the bulk of his fortune is invested has come to grief. When next we encounter him, it is in the house of Cobham Brown, the father of the damsel upon whom young Horace has set his affections. It is the wedding morning of the loving couple. Bride, bridegroom, papa and the bridesmaids have gone to church to complete the ceremony. A sumptuous breakfast, laid by Bungs, an old fellow-servant of Tottle's, subsequently his valet, and now butler to Brown, awaits their return, when our hero enters. From him we learn that he has secured a divorce, and that he is again a free man. The news of the wedding somewhat upsets him. He conceives the idea that the breakfast is to celebrate the marriage of Cobham Brown and Kate Trenchard. He determines to watch their doings, and to have his revenge by serving them with the most indigestible articles the kitchen will supply. He borrows the coat and white tie of Bungs; he bribes the perquisiter's boy to let him have the wig intended for Brown; he further completes his disguise by moustache and whiskers; and for the moment seems inclined to rejoice at the prospect of once more following his old occupation. With the return of the wedding-party, however, his mental agony revives. He has come to the conviction—or rather the conviction has come to him—that he ought to have married Kate Trenchard. He glares upon the couple he supposes to have been united with an air of frenzy. He interrupts the speakers and pours the champagne into the pigeon-pie, putting a climax to his blunders, when he learns the truth, by upsetting the lobster-salad into the bosom of a gray-headed and inoffensive old gentleman who forms one of the party; the curtain falling upon a scene of general congratulation, and leaving us to imagine that the day is not far distant when there will be another Mrs. Tottle, and that her maiden name will be Kate Trenchard. It is in the last act, as will readily be imagined from the foregoing, that the farcical element abounds. But this, while detracting from the merits of the drama strictly considered, served only to enhance its success." The cast embraces J. L. Toole as Sam Tottle, Miss L. Henderson as Julia, Mr. De Belleville as Raffler, Mlle. Camille as Mary Brown, Mrs. Leigh as Kate Trenchard, Miss E. Farren as Horace, Clifford Cooper as Cobham Brown, and R. Souter as Bungs.

"LA PETITE MARIEE,"

a new three-act opera-bouffe, by Lecocq, words by M. Leterrier and Vanloo, was first produced at the Renaissance, Paris, France, Dec. 21, and a correspondent writes as follows about it: "'Wait until you are married, and revenge shall be mine,' sings the Podesta of Bergamo to his favorite San Carlo, 'for I shall deceive you with your wife in the same way that you have tricked me with Lucrezia.' Such, in a line or two, is the gist of the story on which the plot turns. The favorite admits so thoroughly the justice of this enforcement of the *lex talionis* that he resolves to remain a bachelor, but his hasty vow is forgotten when he sees the charming Graziella. He falls over head and ears in love with the girl, resolves to marry her, but determines to keep their union a secret. Unluckily, however, the Podesta arrives just as the ceremony has been concluded, and no other resource occurs to the husband than to make his spouse pass for the bride of one of his friends, Raphael de Montefalco, a hazardous device, and all the more dangerous because Raphael is already married to a buxom dame, with no taste for practical joking, and who is a decided expert in the use of her cutting whip. The ruse, however, clever as it is, does not prevent the Podesta from falling in love with Graziella, and he confides to the unhappy San Carlo the secret of his passion. Becoming at last aware of the truth, he throws his quondam favorite into prison; but the little bride supplicates so gently and effectively on behalf of her husband that he agrees to render the latter his liberty, and to return to the unhappy mortal from Graziella than the cession of a little cottage that formed part of her dowry. One condition is, however, added as the price of this clemency, and that is that the young wife is to preserve the most absolute silence as to the terms by which she has purchased San Carlo's liberty. The rest may be easily surmised. The husband wants to have nothing more to do with his wife, whom he fancies faithless, and her reticence as to how she had obtained his release only serves to make San Carlo more furious against her. At last the Podesta acquaints him with the truth, and all ends most happily. Such is a very brief sketch of an extremely lively plot, full of gayety, and sparkling frequently by the wit of its dialogue. Here and there a situation occurs to remind us somewhat too strongly, perhaps, of a prototype in 'Giroflé-Girofla,' and it seems as if MM. Leterrier and Vanloo remembered too often that they were the authors of that work. But the 'Petite Mariée,' if not intensely interesting, contains real comic elements, and supplies the composer numerous opportunities for manifesting his powers. M. Lecocq has been somewhat sparing in availing himself of these occasions. The score, though overflowing with morceaux, contains only a few of unmistakable originality."

"ANTARCTIC, OR THE POLE AND THE TRACES."

This is the title of a new bouffonnerie musicale by H. B. Farnie, and which constitutes the Christmas novelty at the Strand, London. In the first scene we find Old Bastille, an ex-detective of the Fouche and Vidocq type, busily engaged in her dining-room daughter, Madeleine Bastille, to an ethereal tailor of the Worth stamp, Paletot. The bride is ultra-romantic, and insists upon having her husband's "first love." This scarce commodity she believes to have found in Paletot. But there is a skeleton in the tailor's tape-board; for, in a conversation with an old friend, Amadis de Batignolles, who accidentally comes to the house in his character of insurance agent, to estimate the damage of a slight fire one evening before, Paletot confesses that he dreads the discovery by Madeleine of his and her detective parent of a certain episode in his life. It appears that, sixteen years before, a nautical friend, Ultramarine, had sailed on a voyage to the South Pole, confiding to Paletot's care his infant daughter. To avoid questions, Paletot had assumed in the village of Pommes Frites, where the girl's mother of Mamselle Flo had been placed, the style and title of Ultramarine himself. The gallant explorer had not returned, and was not likely to turn up again; how was Paletot to explain his dual existence to his exacting bride? Amadis advises a confession; but Paletot, in reality, loves the girl, preferring to attempting an explanation which will be treated as a fabrication; and Paletot accordingly pens the letter, which Amadis, acting as his friend's ambassador, delivers. Unfortunately, Madeleine recognizes in Amadis an old suitor whom she had summarily dismissed, and, without tearing up the letter without reading it, as she believes it to be a renewal of his own suit, orders him out of the house. Old Bastille carefully collects all the fragments—save one—and the worthy pair go off to be married. It is only an after discovery for Paletot to find that the gentle, confiding bride was suspicious as ever of the Antarctic episode. However, one remedy remains, and to that he at once turns. He has arranged a match between Flo and an honest yokel, Verpillon, who supplies the Seminary at Pommes Frites with eggs. But unfortunately Paletot is not aware that this same Verpillon is the son of Old Bastille's, that ex-detective keeping his private affairs a profound secret from his son-in-law. The consequence is that when Paletot, in the uniform of the French Marine, goes down to see Flo at school, he finds himself confronted by Madeleine and Bastille, very anxious to meet the absent explorer Ultramarine. This complication is further thickened by the appearance of Amadis in the purlieus and habiliments of Professor of Geography. He has come in pursuit of a pretty girl he has accidentally seen in his insurance rambles, and is electrified by the discovery that his unknown beauty is Paletot's adopted child, and is on the eve of her marriage with Verpillon. Discovering himself to be in the house of Bastille, he has set his affections upon the latter's daughter, Flo, and, in order to get rid of Paletot, who is in the way, he tells Bastille that Paletot is the long-lost

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Museum, and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Jan. 10.

LADIES' LIST.

Armond, Arsena
Arnold, Ella
Antonio, Martha (of Cole's Cir.)
Athens, Miss (bigamist)
Arnett, Lottie
Antonino, Teresa
Angello, Clara
Alden, Mrs. Emelie
Alquist, Georgie
Bowman, Josie
Boltens, Mrs. Tillie
Bowers, Mrs. D. P.
Bailey, Ella
Bernard, Mrs. M.
Beltram, Celia
Bennett, Eva
Cammann, Marie H.
Carroll, Jennie
Collins, Mrs. Kate (with Whitman)
Clinton, Kittie
Carlton Sisters
Clarke, Mrs. H. G
Coventry, Julie
Carle, Leslie
Coleman, Mrs. D. W.
Clifton, Emma (actress)
Coleman, Helene
Clifton, Minnie (p. o. m. Brooklyn)
De Yon, Adele
Drury, Nellie
Drury, Polly
Darzon, Augusta L.
De Granville, M'lle (2)
De Forest, Zoe
Donnelly, Annie E.
Drew, Mrs. Frank
De Forrest, Mrs. (lateof Baltimore)
Davis, Laura
Doyle, Minnie
Dean, Laura
Durand, Kittie
Dearden, Fannie
Ellis, Hattie
Elbert, Daisy
Elmo, Frankie
Ellis, Lillie (2)
Everett, Ella
Freeman, Lizzie
Forrest, Lillian
Frawley, Flora
Foster, Kate
Gomez, Mary (with L. Powers)
Gregory, Lou
Herman, Letha
Hurbert, Ada
Hubsch, Mrs. Johanna
Hall, Alice W.
Howard, Jessie
Howes, Mrs. Mary E.
Howett, Belle
Henderson, Louise 6c.
Herrmann, Mrs. A.
Heflin, Ella
Jacobsen, Mrs.
Kellogg, Alice
Le Fevre, Alice
Lewis, Fannie
Loder, Minnie (3)
Le Roy, Kittie
Lotus, Miss Sidney
"Little Dot"
Mallister, Phoss (4) 6c.
Monzert, Belle & Fannie
Morgan, Mrs. Thos.
Marsh, Mrs. S. A.
Nelson, Annie
Oates, Mrs. J. A. (2)
Phillips, Emma F. (2)
Parker, Lizzie
Peak, Fannie
Parker, Lizzie (of Parker Sisters)
Rentz's Minstrels, Madame (2)
Ross, Pattie
Raymond, Ida (of K. Putnam Co.)
Rogers, Hattie
Sutherland, Agnes
Sainclair, Sallie
Whitley, Maude
Sheldon, Ella
Swinburne, Marie
Stevenson, Mrs. L. H.
Silvano, Mrs. E. M.
Selwin, Blanche
Sanford, Lou
Stuart, Adelaide
Sweatnam, Sallie
Schell, Emma
Turnour, Mrs. Hepsey
Taylor, Marion
Thayer, Ella C.
Urso Concert Co., Man. of Camilla
Williams, May
Westall, Fannie
Watson, Mrs. Louisa A.
Whitney, Nellie (vocalist)
Warren, Mrs. V.
Waddell, Lottie
Wilmas'Com. Co., Clara
Washburn, Mrs. Leon
Wentworth, Lu-lu
Morris & Whiteley, T.
Morris, Danl. (of MacEvoy's Hib.)
McGann, Wm.
McGill & Strong
McCracken, Robt.
Norton, Wash.
Nutt, Com'd. G.W. M.
Nash, J. (pantomimist)
Nicholls, R. Hamilton
Noyes, C. W.
O'Brian, Jno. (circus prop.)
Oaks, David
Orrin, G. W.
Oliver, S.
Olney, Jno.
O'Reardon, Prof. M.
Oliver, Joseph (of Kingston, Can.)
Perry, Prof. O. H.
Perry, Harry (actor)
Phoite, Robt. H.
Phoite, Jos. (2)
Pozzesi, Primo
Powers, Law.
Pickers, Willie
Prosbo, Thos.
Paddock, Hattie of Cleveland, O.)
Pendy, Jno.
Pfaff, Henry
Quren, Jno. (p. o. m. Pittsburg, Pa.
Quilter & Goldrich
Rousselle, H. (of Rousselle Bros.)
Rogers, M. M.
Ring, G. H.
Richards, Wm (of Nottingham, Eng.)
Rickaby, Jno.
Rowland, Jas.
Robbins, Jared E.
Rosenbaum, E.
Riano, Prof. Guseppe 10c.
Rivers, Frank (circus "biz")
Russell, Sol. 8.
Rowe, Jno. (musician)
Robinson, H. (of Robins Minst.)
Richardson, H. (of "KitCarson" Co.)
Ray, Wm. & Maggie
Smith, D. H. (with Dup. & Bened.)
Simon, J. A. (of Simon's Co.)
Shea, Geo. (clogger)
Silvano, Sig.
Shirley, Baron
Schefield, F.
Spero, Frank (musician)
Sabin, Ferdinand
Stansill, Geo.
Stowe, Wm. H.
Smith, D. C. (with Peak Family)
Sands, Geo. E. (3) 6c.
Smith, W. H. (with Heywood Bros.)
Smith, E. F. (of Callender's Minst.)
Stansell, F. R.
Snow, Benj.
Stickney, Saml.
Showers, "Andy"
Sauret, E. 11c.
Sauer, Adam
Shay, Chas.
Sharpley, Fred. (of Trenton, N. J.)
Sebastian, Romeo
Smith, Chas. (p. o. m. Burlington)
Smith, Wm.
Stanley & Smith
Stephens, Jno. (circus "biz")
Slate, Harry
Stanley, Nelson
Sullivan, Prof. Jno.
Sweet, J. D.
Sheridan & Mack
Sands, A. C. (3)
Strong, D. A.
Thompson, H. (of Adelphi, Peoria)
Taylor, Prof. E.
Tyler, Geo. H.
Tyr, Prof. H (late of Lopez Co.)
Taylor, Jos. (p.o.m. Pittsburg, Pa.)
Train, Richd.
Thorne, Jas. H.
Tilted Sisters
Manager of (6)
Van Wormer, Geo. H. (2)
Van Cameron, J.
Whitman, C. R. (2)
Welling, W. H.
Watson, E. W.
Worden, Robt.
Wallace, Bart. W.
Wayne, Burt
Ward, J. H. (with Dup & Reed.) (2)
Wilson, M. (late of Wilson Bros.)
Winnett, Thos.
Walhalla, J. (of Walhalla Bros.)
Wassburn, E. S. (3)
Wildman, F. J.
Whitton & Reede
White, Charles (minst. "biz")
Welch, Martin
Wilkinson, Chas. (manager)
Whitney, Leon
Williams, S.
Weaver, S. P. (2)
Whitmore, Fremont 6.
Williams, Wm. (Copenhagen)
Williams, W. H. (of Bailey & Cir.)
Wynne, Thos.
Wagner, Charles ("bones")
Wilson, Wm. (of Robinson's Cir.)
White, Geo. H.
Williams, "Gus"
Wire, H. (with White Sisters)
Wurrington, Louis
Wells, C. S.
Waldron, D. G. (manager)
Wagner, Cal
Wildman, F. J.
Wingfield, J. (with Pearl, Wyman) 6c.
Young, Jas. (of Zera, Prof. Georgia Minst.)

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Aiken, Frank E. (2)
Andress, Chas. (circus "biz") (2)
Abrendt, Carl (2)
Allen, Dr., Jos. E.
Almonte, Brothers (acrobats)
Aubrey, Robt.
Atwood, Capt. J. B.
Arizono, Chas.
Burr, A. L.
Barnum, H. (of Howe's Cir.)
Boyd, Clarance
Brown, T.
Booth, J. M. (musician)
Bush, I. T.
Bruns, R. A.
Baraum, F. T.
Boyd, Chas.
Barney, Master
Brady, Jno.
Bisbee, Frank
Bagley, Wm.
Baldwin, Ed. (gymnast)
Barlow Bros.
Brand, T. H.
Bryant, H. (with Barnum)
Bray, Walter
Buchanan, R.
(with Plunket)
Bernett, Wallace
Baker, Thos. (musical director)
Bennard, Ed. S.
Bryan, A. (violinist
Barlow, Wm.
Burgess, Neil (2)
Barry's Comedy Co.
Burke, J. M. (with Tasmanian Kids)
Bronson, Geo. R.
Blitz, Frank R.
Barnes, Linn Sc.
Basye, E. E.
BarnabeeOperaCo.
Burnett, Frank
Barcome, Jno. T. 5c
Colvin, Ed.
Cody, W. F. (2)
Collins, Wm.
Coleman, C. A.
Colville, Saml.
Carroll, Chas.
Cohan, Jerry
Clarke "Kit" (2)
Clark, Prof. Jas G.
Crouse, Fenton
Curtis, Willie
Clark, Prof. Geo. C.
Crofutt, Ed. F.
Cross, Jno. Jas.
Cook, Neda
Cook, Ed. (with Wagner)
Clark, S. G.
Cisco, Geo. N.
Corey, Jas. (manager)
Cannon & Kelly
Carson, Jr., "Kit"
Callender's Georgia Minstrels
Crane, R. Mills
Curry, The Great Dingess, R. S. (agent)
Daveau, I.
Dickenson, Chas (treasurer)
Duffhues, Ed. (of English Op. Co.)
Drake, S. M.
Dutcher, Wm.
Duffy, Ed. S.
Driver, W. J.
Drew, Chas. (of Oates' Co.)
Delanie, Charles (minst. "biz")
Donohue, Hughe
Donniker, J. B.
De Haven, Claude
Dobson, Frank B. 3c.
Dingess, Jno. A.
De Haven, Geo. W.
De Bar, Benj.
Dickson, Andrew
Engle, Jno.
Ewbank, Robert (show "biz")
Ellis, Ed. C.
Emerson, Thos. (musician)
Epstein, J.
Eckert, Prof. Jno. (2)
Edwards, G. G.
Emerson, Jas. (of Shay's Co.)
Ehrman, Rich.
Enos, Albert 3c.
Emerson & Clark
Edman, A.
Eckert, C.
Franks, Prof. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
French, A. M.
Frayne, Robt. E.
Forepaugh, Adam
Frazer, David
Hume, Dump. Co.)
Fra klin, H. (late with Courtney)
Fleury, Fernando
France, Sidney C.
Fox, Jos. E. (of Dup. & Bened.)
Felix, —(with Langlois Bros.)
French, A. B.
Fryer, I. Frank
Forester, Bruce
Fowler, W. W.
Fuller, C.
Gorton, Jos.
Gessley, Ed.
Gagnier, Albert
Gardner, Charles (Dutch "biz")
Gaylord, Jos.
Giammona, Antonino
Glenn, S. W.
George, Benjamin (with La Rue)
Gosche, Jacob
Gomez, Jos. Bernardi
Glassford, or Glassford Sis ers, A.
Gaynor, Jas.
Gibbons, F.
Gerry, D. S. (2) 6c.
Gerard, Emile
Gaylord, Wm. (contortion.)
Grismer, J.
Grayson, Mark
Griste, Chas. S.
Gaylord, Low
Good, Prof. A. D. (2)
Hernandez, Arthur
Hammond, Jno.
Harcourt, Geo. B.
Howe, Jr., (of Howes' Cir.)
Heywood Bros.
Harris, Fred.
Hainn, A. W.
Hatch, C. A. H.
Huston, Ed.
Hall, Ralph
Hine, Walter
Hamilton, H. (circus prop.)
Harris, Wm. D.
Hamilton, Theo
Herman, Prof. W. H.
Hennessey Bros.
Harkins, W. S.
Hume, Richd.
Hammond, Jno. H.
Hardy, Mr. (with Wilmore & Clarke)
Henderson, Jas. S.
Humkins, O. L.
Hyde, Geo. W.
Homer, Prof. Chas
Hart, G. P.
Habelmann, Theo.
Hodges, D. B.
Hall, C. W.
Holly, Jas.
Hoier, E.
Hermann, J. (of Heywood Bros.)
Howell, V. N.
Hawkins, W. B.
Hawley, Frank (song-and-dance)
Hall, Wallace
Hiverd, Thos.
Heegler, T. M. (2)
Heywood Brother's Combination Co.
Holmes, E. B. (2)
Huggins, Col. A. Z
Heywood Bros.
Ivey, —("Musical Moke")
Hubbard, Saml. H.
Harris, Linn 3c.
Healy, M. (of Healy & Sanders)
Hegansary, J. (with MacEvoy)
Hubr & Gildden
Haslam, John
Hicks, Josh (violinist)
Hurd, S. H.
Irving, Wm. J.
Irwin Comb., Selden
Jones, T. V.
Johnson, Frank (2)
Jones, J. Boyd
"Jepp"
Johnson, Geo. E.
Jones, Col. H. (agent)
"Jack & Jill" Pantomime Co.
Joell, Thos. of (Chris. & Lena Co.)
Jones, Jno. H. (with Peak Family)
Kent, Frank (2)
Keeshin, Chas. H.
Kennard, Jno. (of Callender's Minst.)
Kendall's Com. Co.
Klaud, Oscar
King, Chas.
Keys, J. S.
Kiraify Bros.
Kunkel, Geo.
Kane, Sam'l. (balloonist) 4c.
Lent, Jr., L. B.
Lamb, Harry
Lynch, Ed. (Irish comedian)
Lavalle, W. K.
Lovell, H (of Fay Templeton Co.)
Lawlor, W. F. 17c.
Leopold, Chas.
Levy, H. (p. o. m. Oatskill, N. Y.)
Lennon, Jno.
Le Grand, Mr.
Leppert, Fred. C.
Little, Chas. (2)
Lee, Jno. H.
Lee, J. H (of Adams & Lee)
Levy, J. (p. o. mark Akron, O.)
Lannier, W. M. (2)
Locke, "Yankee"
Lamont, H.
Murtz, Jno.
McIntyre, Thos.
Mackie's Britainica Troupe
Maeder, Fred.
McWade, Robt.
Masters, Jno. E.
Mouiton, Jas. G.
Magee, J. (pianist)
Murray, H. (circus prop.) (2)
Martin, J. S.
Merlino, G.
Mora, Chas.
Montford, Frank
Mulgro, Chas.
Mantel, Edw. (leader) 3c.
Moroso, Walter
Mack, David
McVicker, Jno.
Manager Star Eng. (of Sanford)
Murphy, J. C. (pantomime "biz")
Menter, Prof. A. E.
Miller, Thomas (manager)
Magee, Jno. (with Dr. Healy)
Maas, Jas.
Murphy, Jos. (late of Chicago)
McGill & Strong (of Mc Mask, Isaac G.
Magaire, Jno.
McMillan, J. (of Linely's Co.)
Maer, H.
Marguerite, Mme. (Musical Orch.)
Margenstein, Wm. 3c.
Monroe, Wm.
McCracken, Wm.
Mette, Rudolph
McCandliss, F. C.
Mowery, Benj.
Metropolitan Dramatic Co.
Morrison, Louis
Miles, W. G.
McDonald, James
Maginlee, Daniel
Morris, Maj. G. W.
Morosco, Walter
Marsden (with Saulsbury)
Manager of N. Y. Circus, The Marrs (of Georgia Minst.)
Williams, "Gus"
Wire, H (with White Sisters)
Watkins, John
Wells, C. S.
Waldron, D. G. (manager)
Wagner, Cal
Wildman, F. J.
Wingfield, J. (with Pearl, Wyman) 6c.
Young, Jas. (of Zera, Prof. Georgia Minst.)

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Springfield (Ill.) post-office for the following professionals: T. A. Martin, agent; Mrs. M. Wallers; Thos. Brown, agent of Maggie Mitchell Co.; agent "Buffalo Bill" Troupe; agent Mara's Georgia Minstrels, and Kelly & Leon.

AT THE DETROIT (Mich.) post-office, there are letters for Addie Siegrist, vocalist, and Mr. Levy, cornetist.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Jan. 10, '76

Theatricals are quiet, with the supply fully equal to the demand. The legend, "Standing-room only," no longer stands sentry at the portals of our dramatic temples, and the belated traveler is not turned from the doors, as it was his wont to be in the halcyon days of the drama, when Hope beamed serenely upon our managers, and "the Ghost" ne'er failed to take his accustomed walk upon the Rialto, if we may be permitted to express our meaning in classical lore. Nay, "the times are out of joint," and caterers for our amusement have just as much as they can attend to in devising the ways and means and measures that shall ensure public recognition, and keep the books so nicely balanced that a liberal margin may be placed in the managerial sinking fund. At present there is not that same insane desire to erect new theatres as was manifested a few years ago. No; that delusive spell is broken, and men "see as through a glass darkly" that, to ensure success, something more is requisite than a theatre; there must be brains to help carry it through. When war ruled the roost, the theatre ran itself; people flocked there for relief from the horrors of our political strife, and to spend their paper-money before its value became still more reduced. Anything in the shape of a show was sure to draw during the ever-memorable unpleasantness, for the circulating medium was freely manufactured, and as freely distributed among the hard-fisted men of the North, and among the bloated aristocrats of our common country. But now headwork is necessary in theatrical enterprises, for the "reward of merit" is dealt out with a cautious hand. As things are now, managers must be brains to keep

THE NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Fall River, Mass., was dedicated on Jan. 6 by Theodore Thomas' Orchestra. A correspondent sends us the following brief description thereof: "The theatre occupies a portion of the new Borden Block, which is built of brick, with free-stone and polished granite trimmings. The house has a seating capacity of 1,800, and is supplied with patent folding-chairs. The stage is 66ft. wide by 45 deep, with proscenium opening of 35ft. square. The scenery and drop-curtain were painted by Richard Marston. Ingress to the auditorium is gained by a short flight of stairs 14ft. wide, with separate entrances for the gallery and proscenium boxes. The whole house is lighted simultaneously, the burners being connected with an electrical apparatus. The dressing-rooms are models of neatness and comfort, and occupy no small amount of space. All the doors in the house swing outward, and, as the building is entirely fire-proof, there is hardly any need for the large number of sprinkling-pipes which are scattered over the house, principally, however, on the stage. As a whole, the theatre is regarded as one of the finest in the State outside of Boston. On the night of the opening the audience numbered about 1,600, including many who came in on excursion trains from adjacent towns. The programme included several numbers from Wagner, Meyerbeer, Rossini and Von Weber. Although the audience could hardly fail to be pleased, they were unable to appreciate the class of music rendered, and consequently the performance did not evoke that enthusiasm which it would have received in a more musical community. H. A. Bischoff, the German tenor, rendered several selections, which, like the rest of the music, were almost too ponderous for the audience."

PROF. J. N. GOODALL Jr., violinist, pianist, guitarist, etc., with or without accompanyist, is open for engagements. See card for address. He performs in concert with Messrs. Jeff. Tilton, Newell and Miss Sealey, at Great Falls, N. Y., Jan. 19, Rochester 20, and Yarmouth 21.

MLLE. FERNANDEZ, with I. V. Strebig as manager, opens in Music Hall, Toronto, Jan. 28. This lady is better known as the "New Orleans Nightingale" (colored).

THEODORE WACHTEL made his appearance in Philadelphia, at the Academy of Music, Jan. 3, after an absence of four years. "The Postilion of Lonjumeau" was presented before an audience that completely filled every part of the house. Another immense audience greeted the representation of "Il Trovatore" on the evening of the 5th inst., and large audiences were also present on the evening of the 7th, and at a matinee Jan. 8, when the operas of "Le Dame Blanche" and "Martha" were respectively performed. Mr. Wachtel sang with fine effect, and crested again a favorable impression, although his voice shows evident signs of wear. He was but poorly supported. The choruses, however, were fair.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY will not appear at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Jan. 17, as heretofore announced. This company has met with such success in Chicago that the management have concluded to cancel their Philadelphia engagement for the present.

GUS HERWIG, leader of orchestra, late of Bryant's Minstrels, advertises that he is at liberty to accept engagements.

S. H. SWEET, E and B flat cornet-player, will be at liberty after Jan. 22. Address care of this office.

A B-FLAT CORNET-PLAYER, formerly with Kelly & Leon, E. D. Washburn and other well-known parties, desires an engagement. He can furnish string and brass band. See "Ed. B.'s" card.

PROFESSIONALS about visiting Cincinnati, O., are informed by Capt. Oakes of the Crawford House that special inducements will be offered to them. See advertisement.

CHAS. SCHAUER, pianist, can be addressed, as per card, for engagements.

AN ORCHESTRA of five or six persons, who can play either brass or string, can be engaged immediately. Address Chas. F. Warpool, care of this office.

THE NEW YORK ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE opened on Jan. 3 at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, Ill. The members of the troupe are generally in fine voice, and the season has so far proved an enjoyable one, as the crowded auditorium nightly testifies. Miss Kellogg has changed but little since her last appearance here, and her delightful singing evokes many encores as ever. The only additions to the troupe are Mr. Conly (basso), Mr. Hamilton (baritone), and Miss Annie Montague, who made her debut on the 4th inst. as Donna Elvira in "The Rose of Castile," an opera which, owing to its light character and consequent simplicity of execution, did not tax the powers of the debutante to any great extent. However, she displayed great talent and capability in rendering such numbers as fell to her lot, and her power of expression in some of the softer melodies is remarkable. Her voice is a perfectly pure soprano—a sweet, mellow and full, with a ring in its tone and a liquid quality that is in itself an invaluable gift. The originality of her method is admirable—her style is simple and unaffected. With the exception of a few almost unnoticeable mistakes, she performed her part skillfully and well. Owing to the ill-timed efforts of Mr. Seguin for "encore," she, she was seriously put out, but regained her position with ease and grace. Her strong point at present is undoubtedly ballad-opera, which is admirably adapted not only to her voice, but to her simple and pecuiar style. Beneath the customary restraint of manner attending a first appearance, she was discerned the buds of future promise.....At McVicker's Theatre, the second and last week of Mrs. Oates' Comic Opera was inaugurated with the performance of "Les Pres St. Gervais," being its first production here. Notwithstanding counter-attractions in the opera-line, the houses have been large, and the audiences appeared to leave the theatre perfectly satisfied with everything except their inability to analyze the puns with which the translation is so thickly interlarded. "The Pretty Perfumer," "Les Brevards," and "Trial by Jury" were also produced during the last nights of the week. Mrs. Oates has been suffering greatly from a severe cold, but is slowly recovering. The troupe departs 8 for St. Louis, and Jarret & Palmer's spectacle of "Henry V" is billed for 10. Letter of Jan. 8.

THE BERGER FAMILY and Sol Smith Russell, says an occasional correspondent "have met with extraordinary success in Virginia the past few weeks, turning people away every night, the halls being too small to accommodate the large crowds that turned out to see this company. At Alexandra, Md., Frederick, Stanton and Annapolis, every seat was sold before the arrival of the troupe—an almost unprecedented occurrence in the annals of amusements in those cities." The Southern press speaks as follows of their performances:

BERGER FAMILY AND SOL. S. RUSSELL.—This popular troupe commenced an engagement of two nights at the Academy last night, and, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, was greeted with a large and fashionable audience. The entertainment, which was of the most refined and delightful character, opened with a grand overture by the lady orchestra, which was well received. The cornet-solo and comic songs by Miss Anna Berger were particularly good. Miss Anna is an artist. Miss Morgan sang in a clear and cultivated manner. She was encored several times. The inevitable Sol S. Russell appeared frequently through the programme, and kept the audience in a constant uproar. We would like to particularize the balance of the troupe, but neither space nor time permits; but suffice it to say that the troupe is a first-class one, and was well received.—*Daily News*, Petersburg, Va.

The Berger Family and Sol S. Russell drew out the largest crowd ever in the New City Hall—in fact, every seat in the lower part of the hall was sold before the opening of the doors. The performance gave great satisfaction.—*Citizen*, Frederick City, Md.

THE BERGER FAMILY AND SOL S. RUSSELL.—A "packed and jammed" audience of the best and most critical of our citizens greeted the above last night, and it was with few exceptions, having been engaged beforehand. To say that they were simply "entertained" would but poorly express the supreme gratification of delight with which the performance was received.—*Alexandria* (Va.) *Sentinel*.

VARIETY HALLS.

AT SHELBY'S ADELPHI, Buffalo, N. Y., the past week opened with the finest house of the season, and "Standing-room Only" has been the result all the week of the attractions offered. The new faces were the Byne Bros., the Milton Jaspers, Hattie Stanley and Sarony. Mons. Leon De Leon failed to connect. Nearly all of the previous week's company held over, and these, together with the new arrivals, enabled the management to produce "The Ice Witch" with a strong cast, fine costumes and handsome scenic effects. The regular stock company—Harry Sinclair, Johnny Shay, Adelside Eaton and Maria Jasper—however, are entitled to the credit for the successful bringing-out of the piece, albeit the variety entertainment was interspersed in the spectacle. The Byne Bros. proved good cards, and the Milton Jaspers the strongest kind in the acrobatic line. One of their feats is turning a back somersault from a stepladder twelve feet high to the shoulders of the brother stationed below. Sarony and Hattie Stanley filled out the ballet successfully. Johnny Shay, Geo. Kurtz, Paddy Murphy and Sarony as "The Four Tramps," in a photo scene, made a hit. Week ending Jan. 8: Nully Pieris, Sarony and Murphy, and the Eynes, to New York; the Milton Jaspers, to Cleveland; Jennie Eagan and Josie Farron, to Washington; Geo. Kurtz, Nellie Brooks, to Troy; and Hattie Stanley, no engagement. Announced to appear: Tom Lee and Udell, Jolly Nash, Bertie Rinehart, Ione Lang, Lena Lillian, Thos. Jackson, and the Empire Children. Letter of Jan. 7.

AT SMITH'S Opera-house, Grand Rapids, Mich., the new faces Jan. 3 were the Victorellis and Annie Braddon, who are old favorites. Miss Minnie Inforth in her songs received many encores, as did the Bennettis, Frank and Eva, in their statue-clog. The departures 8 were Archie White and Ella Esmond, to Chicago; Robinson Family, to Milwaukee; and Ed. Chrissie, to Chicago. Charley and Jessie Fox, J. W. Berdue and Satanella Albright are announced to appear 10. Manager Smith was presented Jan. 1 with an elegant fob-chain, seal and pin by his numerous friends.

JENNIE LESLIE, Josie Austin, Maud Le Noir, J. Kirk, Bryant and Williams, and Harry Clifford were the arrivals at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., 3. Business good. Departures: Grace Elliott and Maud Le Noir; destination not given. This place is being rejuvenated and new scenery added. The artist is Mr. W. B. Decker, and considerable credit is due him. Charles A. Vincent is the officiating stage-manager.....Preparations are being made for the opening of the Academy of Music as Hart's Variety Theatre on the 17th.

TOOKER'S VARIETIES, formerly the Norfolk (Va.) Varieties, is now under the sole management of C. T. Tooker, he having purchased all the interests of his partner. The house has been refitted, the seating capacity now being 900. The stage has been enlarged, and newly laid and supplied with a large stock of new scenery. The principal members of the company are Sam Orme, stage-manager and comedian; Frank Hassell, Dutch song-and-dance; Jimmy Mulligan and Tom Morris, Irish song-and-dance; and Geo. Shelding, general performer; and Miss Carrie Herbert and Lillie Linden, serio-comics.

WM. FITZ SIMMONS, stage and business manager, billwriter, advertiser, etc., can be addressed for engagements care of this office.

PROF. PARKER and dogs, now performing at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., have been the recipients of considerable praise from Manager Sinn, their performances being noticed in a card from him, published in this issue.

MADGIE WILSON, impersonator of swell characters, announces her first open date Feb. 1. She can be addressed care of this office.

MORTON AND EDWARDS, specialty artists and general business, can be addressed for engagements as per advertisement. They are now performing at Grand Central Music Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ARDEN, song-and-dance lady, announces that she can make engagements through her agents, Lane & Weaver, who also advertise Effie Weber, serio-comic vocalist, as open for dates after Feb. 1.

LESTER, ALLEN, SMITH AND WALDRON, the Big Four, warn all performers from assuming their title, as it has been duly copyrighted, and they are determined to prosecute infringers. They publish a card from Tony Pastor, with whom they are engaged for the Summer season, in regard to their title.

CHARLEY KONOLLMAN, Dutch Comique, is now appearing at the Theatre Comique, New York.

MELVIN RAINFORTH, in her lightning-sonave-drill specialty and serio-comic songs, can be engaged by addressing as per advertisement, in which she announces her first open date as Feb. 14.

THE NEW ADDITIONS at the Odeon Variety Theatre, Newark, N. J., Jan. 3 were Christian Percy, a good vocalist; Harry Mack, juggler and barrel-performer; and Harry Shay, negro comedian, who returned after an absence of two weeks, and was greeted with tumultuous applause. Business has been excellent. Manchester and Jennings, to Pittsburg, for three nights, thence to St. Louis for four weeks; Jennie Engle, to Brooklyn; Murphy and Mack, to Boston; and Harry Mack, no engagement, were the departures Jan. 8. The Fieldings (John and Maggie), "Whimsical" Walker, Mlle. Eva, La Belle Victoria, Add Weaver, and John Harris are the announcements for 10.....Business at the Metropolitan the past week has been of the holiday kind, i. e., large and appreciative audiences. The new people Jan. 3 were Mons. and Mme. D'Omer, who, in their wonderful feats of dexterity with the sword, also the act of shooting an apple from the head with a cross-bow, concluding with a set-to with the gloves, met with success. Mme. D'Omer was seen in some very fine living statues, Miss Stanley and Miss Belmont in well-rendered selections of songs, both being well received; Ada Laurent in her specialty entitled "The Mystery," which elicited applause; and Prof. Lafayette, an excellent magician, also called the man with the iron hand, breaking stones, etc., by a stroke of the fist. Closures 8: Jennie Lindsay and the Zittella Family, to New York. To open 10: Andy and Ida Collum, and Ashley and Smith. Letter of Jan. 8.

AT VARIETY THEATRE is offered for sale by T. Brown, who advertises.

OF THE Ethiopian and comic-drama series, R. M. De Witt has issued six more of these acting plays. See card.

HETWOOD BROS.' COMBINATION is to perform in Burlington, Ia., Jan. 10, Muscatine 11, Davenport 12, Rock Island, Ill., 13, Clinton 14, Dubuque 15, Galena 17, Freeport 18. Mons. Florentine, wire-performer; Sig. Martini, magic-barrel performer; and the Monzert Sisters—Belle and Fannie—have been re-engaged, and will join the company Jan. 11.

CINCINNATI VARIETY NEWS to Jan. 7 is sent as follows by our correspondent: "The new appearances at the National Theatre Comique on the 3d were Clark Gibbs, Andy and Annie Hughes, John T. Kelly, Alice D'Erlie, Mlle. Garnetta, Eph Horton and Apollo Gibbs. Gibbs is a well-known veteran Ethiopian comedian, and takes well. The Hugheses in their Irish sketches are excellent. Kelly is a very clever dialect comedian, and Miss D'Erina sings Irish ballads with a sweet voice and something of the air of novice. Mlle. Garnetta, Monta and Apollo do a good globe act, and little Apollo performs a wonderful trapeze act, for such a mere child. John Foster had a benefit on the 6th, when Burt Clark, McCormack and Haley, and half a dozen members of the Young Men's Gymnasium volunteered. The only departures on the 8th will be Hattie Seaton, to Louisville, and Bonner, all for Pittsburg. The latter couple are remarkably clever in song-and-dance. New people on the 10th: The Stewart Sisters, Shepherd and Whitney, and Western and Walling. Business very fair.....The Grand Central remains open this week, with a weak show, as a number of performers announced failed to appear. R. V. Ferguson, George Morton, Billy Ford, Master Wiley (an inexperienced boy), J. T. Leon, Sally Mason, and Ada Laurence comprise the company. The attendance has been very light.....At the Eldorado Theatre in spite of the counter-attraction this week in Pooles and Kate Shindler, who are clever duettists and sketch artists. Business quite brisk.....A small concert-hall is to be opened in the old Spencer House to-morrow evening by Harry Leary. The hotel, which has been disused of late, belongs to Charlotte Cushman."

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AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, the latest novelties consist of the specialties of Tierney and Cronin, Crossley and Elder, and James Roome, and Stephen May Bell's sensational drama entitled "Roughing It." Tierney and Cronin proved themselves to be able and amusing exponents of the vocal and saltatorial eccentricities of the negro race in their specialty of "The Ashantee Recruits." Crossley and Elder display surprising agility in their very clever trapeze, flying-leap and vaulting. Miss Kate Raymond and O. B. Collins sustained effectively the principal parts in the concluding drama of "Roughing It," the numerous exciting incidents thereof seeming to afford infinite satisfaction to the audiences. James Roome's banjo solos were favorably received. Miss Kate Raymond and O. B. Collins and Sandford and Wilson closed on the 8th inst. Prof. Mitchell, Miss Lida Kenyon, Ed Murray and Alice Ross, and W. H. Bray open on the 10th.

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THOSE WISHING ENGAGEMENTS on the dramatic or variety stage, especially ladies with musical talent, are referred to Davis & Co's. card.

THE TREVOLLI, Peoria, Ill., is about closing up. The company have been running it for the past ten days, trying to get stamps enough to leave the city, many of them having three or four weeks' salary due them, states our correspondent, under date of Jan. 7, adding: "The Theatre Comique reopened Jan. 4 with the following people: Miss Jennie Willis, Miss Jessie Willis, Miss Lizzie Jackson, Miss Lulu Leonard and Miss Jennie Morton, Mr. J. Armstrong, Costello and Walsh, Eugene, Admiral Yale, O. D. Hunt and James Gilroy. Madame Roberts is sole manageress; James Gilroy, stage-manager; and J. G. Cross, leader of orchestra. The place opened under very favorable auspices. Madame Roberts, with her school of educated dogs, twelve in number, is one of the principal features, and is loudly applauded."

AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE, Galveston, Texas, the company during the past week included the Hennessey Brothers, Katie Bell, La Belle Louise, Waters and Kelley, Viola Wray, Mollie King, Mlle. Estelle, Jimmy Thompson, Nellie King, Rosa Waldro, and Alice Willard. The proprietors are Bremond & Bronson. James Thompson is business and stage manager, and Phil Ruttiger leader of the orchestra.

FROM THE CARROLLTON VARIETIES, Fall River, Mass., the departures Jan. 8 were the Winnetts, the Wentworth Sisters, Connors and Kelly, and Hubber and Gliddon. On Jan. 3 Pell and Lewis failed to appear, and Quilter and Goldrich supplied their places. Billed for 10: Frank and Carrie Lavarnie, Fannie Montague, the Ainsleys, the Barlow Brothers, and Blanche Thompson.

JOHN E. HEALY is referred to Frank MacEvoy's card, in another column.

THE EUREKA THEATRE, Eleventh and Wood streets, Philadelphia, after a "brief and unprofitable" existence, closed its doors after the performance of the 3d inst., internal dissensions among the proprietors leading, in a measure, to this untoward result. It is reported that it will shortly be reopened under the management of Harry Martin, formerly of Pittsburg.

FROM THE ATLANTIC VARIETIES, Syracuse, N. Y., the departures on Jan. 8 were Belle Cushing, to New York; Wade and Neary, to Cleveland; and Maud La Rose, without engagement. To commence 10 are the Wentworth Sisters and James Stuart.

LADDNER'S MILITARY HALL, Philadelphia, Pa., is now open under the management of J. Boisset, with Erwin Thomas as business and stage manager. Variety talent is wanted. See card.

WM. RICHARDS, man-fish, of Nottingham, Eng., is requested to communicate with his brother George, who states in his card that he has important news.

JOLLY JOHN NASH, comic vocalist, has just concluded his third engagement in New York, and is prepared to negotiate for dates through Col. T. Allston Brown. He announces that he will shortly sail for Europe.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., attracted a large attendance during the past week. The new features were the female-minstrel scene, with Alf. Miles and Jake Budd on the ends; the "Great" Curry on the double horizontal bar; the Associated Managers' Ballet Troupe in the ballet of "The Seven Passions;" and the sensational drama of "The Idiot Friend," with F. H. Nelson as Ned the idiot, and the other characters by the company. The departures Jan. 8 were Harrington and McGlone to Pittsburg, and the Associated Managers' Ballet Troupe to the New Park Theatre, Brooklyn. The announcements for Jan 10 are Edna Markley, Cotton and Birdue, Jennie Eagan, Josie Farron. J. H. Grover Jr. will also appear in the drama of "I O U."

AT MEYERS' OPERA-HOUSE, Memphis, Tenn., the new appearances have been Mlle. Barretto and Flora Frawley. The attendance has been moderate. Manager Gorman will enlarge his company on the 17th.

TOMMY DELHANG, a well-known teacher of clog and jig dancing, was dangerously wounded in an altercation that took place on the evening of Jan. 5 at his residence in Philaldelphia. It appears that he had been giving lessons in dancing to Frank Harris, alias Gormley, a professional club swinger, and the latter, in company with Gustavus C. Pengeot, began quarreling with Delhang relative to his mode of teaching, and it is alleged that Pengeot drew a knife and stabbed Delhang in the stomach. A physician, after examining the wounds of Delhang, pronounced the case a critical one. Both Harris and Pengeot were arrested.

AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Louisville, Ky., the past week, the new arrivals consisted of Giovanni, whose performance upon the musical glasses was very good, but hardly appreciated by the b'hoys; La Belle Hallie, a serio-comic, who was not up to the standard; Hurley and Marr, song-and-dance men, who met with the usual success; and the Rousselle Brothers in acrobatic scenes, which were applauded. The Crimmins depart 8 to Detroit; Giovanni, Chicago; the Rousselle Brothers, Chicago. Annie Rattelle, Lizzie Mulvey, and Tommy Dayton close same date. Lettie Grant, Sally Mason, Harry Clifford and the Cashorne Children are billed for 10. Advices of Jan. 6.

THE FRENCHES, including A. Byron French, Miss Inez Mandana, Ferd. Sobins, J. K. Buckley and Col. T. J. French, are about making a Southern tour.

AT THE GLOBE THEATRE, New Orleans, La., the fresh appearances of the past week included J. H. Larkin and the Misses Carrie Armstrong and Della Gonsales. The Miaco Brothers were re-engaged. The other members of the company announced were Jennie Burdell, Ella Heflin, Maggie Hunter, the Reed Sisters, Frankie Lee, Amelia Dean, Mlle. Albertini, John L. Manning, Charles Gallagher, John R. Weaver, F. Morris, Marsh Adams, and Charles L. Banks.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

THE FEMALE MINSTRELS were the leading attraction at Trimble's Varieties Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., the past week. There were some fourteen ladies participating, the names of whom were given in our last issue. Tommy Turner and George W. Herman manipulated the bones, Joe Lang and Chas. Turner took care of the tamborine end, and John Pendy was the interlocutor. The handsome and handsome scenery adorned the stage, birds were seen and heard singing in a conservatory, in the rear of which is placed statuary, the whole forming a very pretty and animated picture. The other novelties consist of songs by Miss Emma Brennan, ballads by Miss Maggie Bowers, plantation song-and-dances by John Pendy, velocipede movements by Venus and Adonis, male impersonations by Miss Clara Sidelle, revolving pictures of sculpture by Profs. Lawrence and Clark, vocal selections by Miss Jennie Wade, and feats of strength by Mlle. De Granville, assisted by Venus and Adonis. All of the new people gave satisfaction in their several specialties, and the attendance for the week has been large. Letter of Jan. 7.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, at their hall in Brooklyn, L. I., have during the past week, in addition to their minstrel entertainment, introduced features peculiar to variety theatres, the most prominent of which have been Baby Bindley, assisted by her father, in their several well-known specialties.

AT THE ASSEMBLY HALL, Memphis, Tenn., Madame Rentz's Troupe of Female Minstrels gave performances Jan. 4. 5. The attendance on both occasions was very large. They departed for Brownsville, Tenn., 6.

AT CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS, Philadelphia, the burlesque of "Cinderella" was produced Jan. 8. The annual benefit of John L. Carncross is announced to take place Jan. 20.

"NICK, THE DIAMOND DWARF," on the 8th inst., received its last representation by Simmons, Slocum & Sweatnam's Minstrels, Philadelphia.

THE CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS, under the management of J. H. Haverly, opened at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 3, and have since been corresponding with Jan. 10 continuing. "Frank Howe, assisted by Miss Tillie Russell, Frank Gayton, Charley Fisher, Harry Holmes and others, gave an entertainment at the Virginia Opera-house Jan. 8 for the purpose of raising funds to leave town. The performance commenced at 10 o'clock P. M., and the understanding that Frank Howe was to shoot an apple off Miss Russell's head one hundred consecutive times by 10 o'clock P. M. Up to the latter hour, when Col. Allston Brown, of Howe had made fifty successful shots. The entertainment proved to be a grand success.....At the Theatre Comique the Fontainblean Sisters did not open Jan. 3, as announced in our last, owing to satisfactory reasons telegraphed to Manager Putnam. The company remain the same, give satisfaction, and have been playing to crowded houses. Manager Putnam has purchased the Metropolitan Hall, recently known as the Grand Central Variety Theatre, for $6 000, and will open it with a good company Jan. 17. The house will hereafter be known as Putnam's New Theatre Comique. This purchase will enable Manager Putnam to have the entire control of the variety business in this city, as no other hall can be procured. Nettie Sarona closed 6, going to the Odeon, Baltimore, Md. Thomas Morris is underlined for the 10th.

CHAS. W. YOUNG, Ethiopian comedian and specialty artist, publishes a card signed by Manager Kirkpatrick of the Adelphi Theatre, Albany, N. Y., highly commending his performances.

FEMALE TALENT is wanted by W. W. Putnam, who advertises.

VENUS AND ADONIS and Mlle. De Granville, now performing in Pittsburg, are announced to open in Philadelphia shortly.

THE SHERIDAN BROTHERS, song-and-dance, opened at the Vandeville, St. Joseph, Mo., Jan. 6. Chrissie Morsford closed 8, going to St. Louis. Ed. Laurence and Walter de Roy closed 8, without any engagements. Billed for 10, Libbie Maretta.

SAM MARTIN, one-legged song and-dance artist and jig-dancer, publishes favorable comments from the Boston (Mass.) press on his performances in that city. He is open to engagements as per card in this issue.

SKETCH AND SPECIALTY ARTISTS are wanted for the Royal Palace Theatre, Chicago, Ill., which opens about Jan. 20. See Manager Hilbrun's advertisement.

VICTORELLI and Little Eldon and Miss Annie Braddon are now performing at Smith's Opera-house, Grand Rapids, Mich. They announce their first open date as March 20, and can be addressed care of this office.

TOOKER'S VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., is now under the sole management of C. T. Tooker, who advertises for performers, and states that the theatre has been furnished with a new stage, scenery, etc., and entirely remodeled.

HARRY CLIFFORD and Lottie Grant are in the third week of their engagement at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O.

E. S. WASHBURNE'S LAST SENSATION is to show in Plainfield, N. J., Jan. 12, Easton, Pa.,

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Tony Denier Pantomime Troupe.
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Healy's Hibernian Gems; Arthur Chamber's Saloon; the Brahams, Sketch Artists; Martha Wren and James Collins, Character Artists; W. J. Judd, Magical Goods; J. J. Showles, Advance and Contracting Agent.
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TO MANAGERS—PROOF POSITIVE.
The attention of managers is called to the following documents relating to our ownership of the drama of
WILD BILL, OR LIFE ON THE BORDER,
and they are hereby warned against producing the same.
DAYTON, O., March 6, 1875.

Received of W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) two hundred dollars, on account, for my drama of "Wild Bill, or Life on the Border," in consideration of which I this day transfer absolutely all my right, title, etc., in said drama to said W. F. Cody from this date. HIRAM ROBBINS.

NOTE.—Additional terms, and circumstances attending their fulfillment, agreeably understood by us on honor in presence of our friend John M. Burke.

W. F. CODY.
HIRAM ROBBINS.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov., 1875.

Received of W. F. Cody and J. B. Omohundro the sum of four hundred dollars ($400), in full payment (as per private understanding at time of absolute and legal transfer by me) for my drama of Wild Bill, or Life on the Border—copyright bearing date of 1873—all my right, title, interest, etc., being possessed exclusively by said Cody and Omohundro. HIRAM ROBBINS.

LATER.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 18, 1875.

MESSRS. CODY AND OMOHUNDRO.—Yours received. I can assure you Messrs S. & K. have no liberty from me to play the piece, and no right whatever. No one has any right to its production but yourselves. Respectfully,
HIRAM ROBBINS.

The above are the simple memorandums in Robbins' hand writing. Mr. S. denies our ownership, owing to some technical neglect of transfer by Robbins at Washington. Did you find any transfer to S. & K.? Will Messrs. S. & K. send us immediately their future dates, and we will give them legal chances to argue the case. Managers, take notice—we mean business. W. F. CODY (Buffalo Bill),
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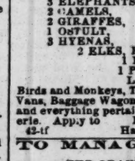

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